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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

GENERAL SCRIPTURAL VIEWS OF THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST.

On this subject—we mean that of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth—the Christian mind has been intensely exercised ever since the commencement of Christianity. As time has rolled on the views of Christians have undergone changes and modifications. A great diversity of opinions has appeared. And perhaps at no period has this diversity been greater than it is at the present time.

We propose the following inquiries,

I. What were the views of the Jewish nation?

II. What were the representations of Jesus Christ?

III. What was the expectation of the Apostles and primitive Christians?

IV. What views have been subsequently entertained?

V. What conclusion may now be rationally drawn?

I. The Jewish view; what was their position during the latter part of the Hebrew monarchy? This view, we think, may be easily ascertained. The Jews were united in their expectation of their Messiah. They expected him to be a great king over the whole earth. There had been four magnificent monarchies which had succeeded each other. Of these the Roman was the fourth and it was then in the zenith of its splendor. Its time, however, as they thought, was drawing to its close. And the fifth monarchy would be the Jewish. The prophet Micah had said, "to thee shall it come, O thou tower of the flock, even the first dominion; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem. And the Lord shall reign over them in mount Zion from henceforth even forever." And the prophet Daniel, "in the days of these kings the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed; it shall not be left to another people—but it shall stand forever." "I saw in the night visions and behold, one like the Son of Man came to the Ancient of Days and there was given him a kingdom that all nations and languages should serve and obey him." "And the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom shall be given to the saints [the Jews] of the Most High whose kingdom is everlasting and all dominions shall cease and obey Him."

When John, Baptist, commenced his ministry he announced the near approach of this kingdom. He said, "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And the nation was prepared for this announciation. None seem to have received it with surprise or doubt. "For they [the Pharisees and the people] thought that the kingdom of God would soon appear!" But with what phenomena would it come? There would be great changes and awful judgments. So the prophets had predicted. "For behold, the day cometh which shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea and all them that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord, that it leave them neither root nor branch. And ye shall tread down the wicked for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in that day saith the Lord of hosts." In agreement with this declaration are the words of the Baptist, "whose fan is in his hand and he will thoroughly purge his floor, gathering the wheat into his garner, but burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

At the time of the erection of this kingdom a resurrection of many of the dead was expected to take place. This expectation was probably founded on the prophecy of Daniel. "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some of them to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." It seems that the Pharisees were not all agreed in their views of this resurrection. Some of them confined it to the righteous and denominated it "the resurrection of the just." But it is said that others extended it to the wicked. Paul had been a Pharisee, and declared himself still to be one, "believing that there would be a resurrection, both of the just and unjust." It is probable that they understood the resurrection to be a physical and bodily redintegration of life. But their views, on this point, seem not to have been fixed and definite.

II. We proceed to the inquiry, what were the representations of Jesus on this subject? In some points they evidently coincided with those of his countrymen. He represented that the time of the kingdom was *near*. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall, before they die, see the kingdom of God come with power." He also represented that the ushering in of this kingdom would be attended with great commotions and tremendous judgments. "For then there shall be great tribulation, such as has not been since the beginning of the world." "As the days of Noah, so shall also the day of the coming of the Son of Man be. They were eating and drinking, marrying and being given in marriage, until Noah entered the ark and knew not until the flood came and swept them all away; so shall also the day of the coming of the Son of Man be." "For as a snare shall it come on all those who dwell upon the face of the earth."

He is, however, silent on the point of the resurrection. He never spake of it in connection with the advent of the kingdom of God. Though he testified to the doctrine he did not declare expressly that it would take place at the time of the revelation and induction of the Son of Man in his kingdom. It seems, however, to be implied in Matt. xxv. 46.

He also represented that the Son of Man would make his advent in splendid magnificence and awful majesty; that he would come in the clouds of heaven with all the angels of God as his attendants and ministers; that he would sit on the right of the power of God; that he would send his angels to collect together both the righteous and the wicked, separating them into two grand divisions, the former on his right hand, the latter on his left; that he would forthwith act as a Judge and retribute to every man according to his character and desert; that the righteous would be accepted by him and receive the blissful benediction; come and inherit the kingdom of everlasting life and glory; but that the wicked would be rejected, condemned and denounced to perish in fire unquenchable. This prediction does not necessarily imply *interminable sufferings*. The chaff burned with unquenchable fire does not undergo perpetual and endless combustion. Nor did Sodom when it suffered the vengeance of eternal fire. The expression seems to denote an utter and final destruction. The fire made an end of what it consumed.

The eternal life to which the righteous are admitted seems to be *on this earth*, and to consist of the blessings and felicity of the kingdom of God. And this kingdom is distinguished from *heaven*. It is so distinguished in the Lord's prayer. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done *on earth* as it is *in heaven*." When the kingdom of God should have come, his laws would be obeyed by men on earth as they are by angels in heaven. Heaven, therefore, and the kingdom of God are sometimes distinct things. The latter is located on earth, but the former on the firmament *above* the earth.

Our Savior did not identify the time of *the destruction of Jerusalem* with that of the advent of the Son of man "When ye shall see Jerusalem encompassed with armies then know that the desolation of it is nigh." "And they [the Jews] shall be led away captives into all nations until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The time of the great advent was not yet. For the times of the Gentile monarchies were yet to be prolonged. The author of the Apocalypse evidently understood that this period would continue three and a half years. "It is given to the Gentiles and the holy city shall be trodden under foot forty and two months." And not only St. John but the apostle Paul also identified this period with that of *the little horn* in Daniel. Paul's man of sin who exalted himself against all that is called God and worshipped symbolizes with *the little horn* "which spake great words of blasphemy against the Most High, whose saints should be given into his hand during a time, and times, and the dividing of time." But whether this be the right primary interpretation may be considered a matter of some doubt. S. F.

[To be continued.]

THE FAMILY BADGE.

All Christians belong to the family of Christ—the great family of heaven. They all wear, or ought to wear, the family badge. It must be so, if they belong to him, and possess his spirit, and follow his example.

It is the Lamb that we follow; the Lamb "as it had been slain." This surely speaks most plainly of the family badge. We are followers of the man with the pierced hands and feet—the man who is covered all over with the marks of the buffet, and the scourge, and the spitting—the man with the crown of thorns. Yea, he is our elder brother. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. And if we see so distinctly the family badge on him, shall we shrink from taking it up and binding it in triumph, as a jewel, on our forehead, as a crown upon our head? Surely the purple robe of mockery may beseem us better than it suited him. [N. Y. Evangelist.

We believe that there can be no war without crime on one side or the other; many believe that war cannot be without crime on both sides, and certainly it appears difficult to reconcile any other theory with the benign and blessed declarations of the Savior, who said "Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you." However incapable human nature may be of carrying out to its perfection this sublime doctrine, we cannot deny that it is the doctrine laid down by the founder of Christianity; we cannot deny that any falling short of it is a falling short of what religion demands.

We may not, indeed, presumptuously seek to fathom the purposes of Heavenly Wisdom by which these things are *permitted*; but surely we may deny—we must deny, or dishonor the best conception we can form of Heavenly Goodness—that they are approved, or that Heavenly Power is exerted in bringing them to pass.

At all times and in all countries men have thus sought to induce a belief that success in battle was a proof of justice and right in the undertaking of war; impiously declaring that the hand of the Almighty was stretched out to favor the victorious. Can the thoughts of men be guided to a just abhorrence and dread of war while such a belief is implanted in their minds?

No: a more Christianly consistent mode of proceeding after a great victory would be to kneel in humiliation and sorrow, to lament the awful necessity that had brought about so terrible a thing, and humbly implore the forgiveness of the Almighty, that his fearful displeasure might not be poured out on the nation in whose cause and name, and on the men by whose blood-stained hands, such miseries had been inflicted upon the creatures of his power and his bounty. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

THE CHURCH.

BY REV. T. B. FOX.

But there is an idea of the church, a noble, broad, lofty, comprehensive idea, which few will reject and which is not matter of controversy.—It is the idea of a universal church; in some respects excluding all other churches; embracing them as *one*, because of what they have *in common*—shutting them out as mere *sects*, because of their quarreling peculiarities. It is of this Church, the true—the only true *Church of Christ*, I would now speak. It is not an organization with written confessions of faith, or ecclesiastical laws. It has no door-keepers, of human appointment. It is not formed artificially according to rules of man's enactment, but is a body which spontaneously forms, and preserves itself, according to natural laws. It is not made by external forces; and cannot be unmade by external forces. Of whom then is it composed? I answer, of all who believe in Jesus Christ—as the Teacher sent of God—and partake of his spirit. These constitute the church, no matter where they are, from what large or small provinces on the theological map they profess to come,—whether citizens in any age of the supposed paradise of orthodoxy, or the supposed deserts of heresy.

There are several things to be said about *this* church worth noticing. In the first place it has but one head, even Christ: the members are brethren: and as far as *authority* is concerned, they stand on a level. One and *one only* is their master. No one besides has dominion over them in spiritual things. To him alone are they responsible, and from him alone do they receive their creed. He is the High Priest; and directly from him—not through any divinely ordained successors of the apostles—comes the blessing; for there is but one mediator between God and man.

In the second place, the members of this church are not *perfect* men. The first disciples were not perfect men: in some respects they were quite imperfect men. To be a Christian does not mean to be faultless, or never err; it means to believe in Christ, and to desire and endeavor to be Christ-like. This belief—desire—endeavor—of course must characterize all who belong to Christ's church: for without these they have no union with him, do not partake of his life, cannot be his followers. It is the faith—the aspiration—the effort—sincere and continued, not the degree,—certainly not the completeness of success, which crowns them, that makes them *growing branches* of the true vine.

In the third place, the members of the universal church are not necessarily all agreed, or all right in doctrine. If they have not the spirit of Christ they are none of His—if they have that spirit they *are* his, all of them, though their opinions may differ widely: "for the kingdom of heaven is neither meat nor drink," at any rate, it is not for men to say that at only one door, and by assent to one creed, is there entrance to this church: for this would contradict the words of Jesus himself, who declared those to be his friends who did what he commanded, and who made the essence of religion to be not rightness of belief, but love of God and man.

In the fourth place, there is no outward form or mode by which believers are *admitted* into the church, by others. They enter necessarily when they believe—believe with the heart, I mean.—There is no occasion—no warrant for confession or covenant. In each *man's soul* lies, unseen, that which makes him a member of the great Christian community. It is not by an act or an establishment process, that he joins the circle of disciples. The moment he has *faith*, and to the extent that he has faith, his entrance is accomplished, whether he thinks of it or not.—By outward signs he may if he will,—and it is best on many accounts that he should—tell his fellows of his state of mind, say to them, 'I think thus of Jesus, and I am trying to obey Jesus': but this is not *necessary* to connect him with the Saviour. On the contrary, his right spiritual condition does this, whether he expresses it or not, by any conventional or visible act. So you perceive each man admits himself,—nay hardly that—*becomes* by the nature of things and involuntarily, the moment he acknowledges the authority of Christian truth, or cherishes Christian affections, a member of the *Christian* church.—This being the case we may say, in

The fifth place, there is no such thing as excommunication—by pope, priest or council, from the true church. As we cannot be *taken in*, so we cannot be *thrust* out, by another's hand, another's vote, another's will: or by decision of any ecclesiastical body. Those threats about excommunication which have been made, and put in execution for centuries, mean nothing, are mere bugbears. So long as I believe in Jesus Christ as a messenger from heaven, listen to his words as truth, love his character, and endeavor inwardly to resemble him, I am a member of his church, though all the anathemas that were ever fulminated from the Vatican, the bench of bishops, the synods, the general assemblies, were rolled into one and directed against my devoted head. Such a thunderbolt could not sever my spiritual union with the Saviour: could not destroy my faith, or affection, or obedience, and so could not remove me from the true church. You might as well talk of annihilating my reverence for the great and good, my esteem and regard for my friends, by an act of the legislature, or the decision of a court of justice, as talk of excommunicating me from the Christian church by an edict of any ecclesiastical body. When I leave the church, it is because of my own infidelity, coldness, disobedience—because I cease to believe, cease to love, cease to do right—and so lose the moral traits; the spiritual character which alone gives me admission into that church. It is well to understand and remember this, for then we shall care little about the denunciations of some sectarians, the pretensions of some self styled churches; since they are harmless words, which cannot mean anything, cannot destroy our relation to Christ.

In the sixth place, in the true church, there is always communion: not growing out of unity in doctrine, sameness in forms, but out of unity of spirit, sympathy, likeness of the affections.—Hearts are moved by an irresistible law of attraction; affections rush together and mingle with an impulse and force that cannot be resisted. All who are moved by a Christian love, whether they are conscious of it or not, are one:—the pulses of their hearts keep time together: their sentiments of reverence for a perfect Saviour are in unison. It is of no consequence that they do not meet in the same earthly temple—of no consequence that they do not repeat the same prayers, respond to the same creed: in the spirit and temper of their souls they are alike, if that spirit and temper is Christian. Strange ideas of the essence—the best part—the immortal part of Christianity must they have who do not see that Fenelon, and Oberlin, and William Penn, and Channing, and Greenwood, and Ware, and a host of others in all time, since Christ came, were, and still are, brother disciples and loving members of the true church. Strange ideas of communion must they have, who suppose it depends upon whether believers belong while on earth, to a sect that worships by a liturgy or a sect that worships in silence, to a body that acknowledges the authority of the pope, or a body that sees no need of a priesthood. The mingling of true affections and holy desires, to form a pure and beautiful current flowing towards the Eternal, is not to be prevented by such unsubstantial and transitory barriers as these. Those who wear the image of Christ must by that very fact, be alike and be brethren; and this they discover whenever their souls see each other as it were face to face.

I have thus sketched the outlines of the true and only catholic church. Is there not such a church as this? Are not those who belong to it to be found in all the theological parties of Christendom? Is there not such a church as this—and is it not more scriptural than all other churches, even as it exceeds them all in extent, and transcends them all in beauty and grandeur?—Is there not such a church as this—having its members in heaven and upon earth, numbering in its ranks, the good and true-hearted of all ages, who in this world or another have known Christ and Christ's truth? Is there not such a church as this, and is it not the *only* church to which we should desire to belong? In its presence, compared with its idea, how small and pitiful appear what men are wont to call churches; little exclusive circles framed in by a fence of forms, or paper creeds. Yes, that community which includes in it all other communities, all that is good and Christian, to which the worthy in the past have belonged, and which the worthy in future must join because of their worthiness, that community of which Christ is the head, and the acknowledged master, to whom alone the members stand or fall; is not *that* I repeat, the only true, universal, catholic church, the only church with which we should greatly care to be connected, with which we should be anxious to hold fellowship! [Religious Magazine.

The wisest people and the best, keep a steadfast faith that the progress of mankind is onward and upward, and the toil and anguish of the path serve to wear away the imperfections of the Immortal Pilgrim and will be felt no more when they have done their office. [Hawthorne.

THE FAREWELL OF AN OLD MINISTER.

The countenance of the preacher was very striking. Time had, as it were, gently laid his hand upon him; so that the wrinkles on his brow appeared to be simply those of age; of age, that is, almost unmixed with those of sorrow or care. They were like the furrows of the winter field, the meek and honorable ornaments of a head silvered over with the frost of seventy years.—His eye might be said to bear testimony to the truth of revelation on which it rested, indicating, by its still vivid glance, how independent the soul is of the body. The words from which he preached, were these, "Finally, my brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind."

It soon appeared that this veteran soldier of the cross, feeling the infirmities of age, had determined to retire from the public post he occupied, and that he was now addressing his people for the last time.

He began by saying, that his wish for their welfare was expressed in the single word, farewell. The husbandman desires that the grain he has sown should spring up and ripen; you, are the seed which I have sown; therefore, I say, farewell; may every cloud break in blessings on your head; may the hand of mercy never be closed; may the star which God has so long lighted up in your path, neither go down, nor hide its holy beams; till it has led you to the feet of your Savior. My friends strive to be perfect; erect upon the basis of sound principles, the superstructure of a heavenly temper and practice; add to religion morality, to the love of Christ, the love of man; to all that honors God, all that sweetens life, that lights up the aching eye and broken heart. There is a crown which all the servants of Christ shall, at the last day, cast at the foot of his throne; endeavor that in yours, no single gem shall be wanting, that all shall be there, which adorned the brow of Christ. Be of good comfort; a life of religion is not melancholy, but a life of peace and joy. The good, melancholy, who, at the base of the mountain, have caught a ray of that sunshine which sheds perpetual light upon its top! Can he be melancholy whose happiness is bound up with that of God himself; who, when he lays his head upon his pillow, feels, that if he dies in his bed, he shall rise to glory; who, "knows that his redeemer liveth," and that he shall wipe away all tears from his eyes? Can he be melancholy, who, when the sun shall be as red as blood, the stars fall from heaven, and the stoutest hearts fail for fear, has the command of God to lift up his head with joy, because his redemption draweth nigh; who sees by the eye of faith, in the air, in the seas, amidst the tumult of war, or the fires of persecution, the sign of the Son of man, the cross of Christ; the throne of his master's triumphs and his own, who hears, as he bears on his neck, the iron yoke of self denial and humility, a voice which says, "To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?"

My friends, the God of love and peace be with you, not as he frowned from behind the cloud of vengeance on the impious hosts of Egypt; not as he spake amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai, but as with mitigated splendor he descended in the temple of his chosen land, to fill the mercy seat, and proclaim the promises of heaven. My brethren, I know of no circumstances on which the assurance of the presence of God does not shed a ray of hope and joy. This star the missionary sees as he roams over the ocean, or climbs the dark mountain of idolatry, this shines on the cell, and dries up the tear of the penitent; this cheers the eye of the saint, even in that awful hour, when the light of day is ceasing to visit his eyes forever.

Something more the old man said, but too indistinctly to be heard; he shed also a few tears; the last, probably, he ever shed. His congregation felt all their value; and I doubt not they are preserved by Him who counts up and treasures up the tears of the good. L. G. P.

It has always seemed strange to me, said Phillis, that any one should be ashamed of being poor. When our Lord who could have commanded the mountains to give up their gold and the rivers to roll it out at his feet, yet chose poverty, it would seem as if we should rather shun earthly treasure than be ashamed of not possessing it. [Miss Savage.

Next to Health and Virtue nothing is so valuable as Knowledge; nor is there anything so easily attained or cheaply purchased—the labor only sitting still; the expense, time, which, if we do not spend, we cannot save. [Sterne.

FROM MR. ELLIS'S ARTILLERY ELECTION SERMON.

Certainly we have a right to look to the constituted authorities and guides of a people for the prevention of war and the settlement of all difficulties peacefully. They ought to be held to this as the very object of their office the law, the method and the end of their delegated authority. They should be ridiculed, assailed, dishonored, if they are faithless to it. It is the very noblest object of their power, their sceptre, their glory. They are set upon thrones and high places that they may see trouble advancing from afar off, and may prevent its approach. They have their messengers to speed with their commands, their attendants to watch and warn. It is the most sublime portraiture of God that he dwells in light, whence he rules the kingdom of darkness; making the winds obey and the fire serve, while still he is a God of Peace. And princes and rulers are gods—for to them the word of God has come. They are delegated with divine authority to do on earth what God does in heaven. The care of commerce and mail-bags, of custom-houses and light-houses is but a poor trifling with mere straws, in comparison with the high calling of our rulers as the guardians of the nation's peace.

Consider for a moment what an array of means, mighty and all-sufficient, if we could only call them so, are now at the service of Christian nations and entrusted to rulers to cause that justice and tranquillity and peace shall crown their lands. The prosperity of a people affords those means and multiplies and strengthens them every day, and thus Peace has an easier purchase than that paid by Cromwell. It is indeed an indisputable fact that any two Christian nations must now seek a war, rather than encounter one: they must fight from choice, not from necessity.

They must overcome the resistance of righteousness, of policy, of interest and of shame—and if after all they fight, even the winner is the loser, and the vanquished may be the truly victorious. Whatever else they gain, they must alike part with glory and enter upon the long penance which history will make everlasting. And why? Simply because there are means at the service of rulers which will avert war honorably. Honorably! do I say! Yes—means which will make the averting of war the only honorable way. Consider and sum up these means. Here are the bands of mutual service and dependence, commerce, trade, the transmission of the wealth of the mind, chaining nations together by ships which link the bending waves of the oceans. Here are ambassadors and consuls, the hostages of a truce between empires, or rather, by more affectionate interpretation, serving as the sponsors at the bridals of God's separated families—with bearers of their despatches as pages to carry their letters of love. Here are senate houses and conventions. Here are chosen men selected from the mass and entrusted with every honorable and ennobling privilege. These are the ties of nations now, while one heavenly religion, pure and holy and perfect and beneficent as its great exemplar, speaks gently but solemnly to all alike—"If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." These are the means of peace. And what are they all for? The advanced civilization of the word has gathered them all together, and wrought them into an apparatus of means which resemble indeed the preparations for a great jubilee for all the children of men. When thus we contemplate these means for ensuring peace, are we not all tempted to exclaim—Peace is inevitable—it cannot but be that civilized men will put away war, for before they can fight with each other, they must kill the children which they have mutually begotten.

I have wandered almost into the realms of imagination in thus describing the office of rulers, not because I have wrought out from my fancy any of the means of peace which they possess, for these are all real things, but because the rulers themselves are so slow to use the means. It has not yet entered into the hearts of enough of them to feel that Peace is the highest of all laws which they can recognize—the noblest of all ends which they can gain. Till they learn that lesson, though the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the wisdom of Bacon, and the patriotism of Tell may belong to them all, they are not qualified for their stations. And when they scoff at peace, and intrigue and contrive for war, they may sit in places as lofty as that of Lucifer, but their power is malign and their names will not be blessed. Go to the cabinet councils and the legislative halls of our own and of other lands. Is the spirit of wisdom, gentleness and humanity uppermost there? Does nothing appear to indicate temper, a blustering rashness, an ignorant and headlong coarseness of spirit? If this be so, and some of you know more about it, than does he who speaks, then we must be so far badly served and badly governed. What citizen of this republic who feels an honorable pride of country has not blushed in the perusal of those extracts from the speeches made in Congress this year, which have been copied into a foreign periodical work of large circulation?* Are the authors of these vulgar and bombastic speeches, displaying their own entire want of high principle, to be received abroad as representing any other than the most profligate and abandoned class in the nation? Certainly we have a right to expect that legislators in their seats should be something more and better than a park of cannon in a navy yard. Only those rulers, can, in the court of conscience, favor a war, who can say honestly, heartily and with a breast all open to the eye which looks down from above, that they have done nothing, favored nothing, permitted nothing, to bring on a war, and have exhausted the might of every agency to avert it. Only under those plain terms can rulers ever henceforward sanction a war, and when they shall encounter such an emergency I may venture to say that the male and female members of the Peace Society will, without a single exception, stand ready to constitute the first army of volunteers.

I will admit the difficulties which stand in the way of the legislator who resolves to make Peace measures his guides and ends. These difficulties are chiefly two. The first is that war always presents itself as a last resource; it is a possible thing. And it is difficult to stop short of a last resource; it is difficult to keep within a measure which promises to be ultimate and conclusive. The simple fact that if all other means of pacification fail the sword may be drawn—this fact cripples and contracts the agencies of peace, wearies out patience before it has had its perfect work, and anticipates too soon the use of the sword. Knowing that we can employ it at the end of a contest, we are apt to take it up in the middle of a contest, and thus what was to be the last resource is in fact one of the earliest. Now this difficulty, which embarrasses peace measures, is the result of the long habits of nations in leaping to arms before they have tried arbitration. The difficulty will yield only through the force of counteracting examples. If the peace of the whole world could be extended through one generation of human life, which it never yet has been, the spirit of war would lose a large measure of its vitality. Each year of protracted peace now will purchase for ages to come a whole century of peace. There are no artificial instruments employed by men of which the use is so soon lost without daily practice as of weapons of war. If those weapons could be kept to their place as really that of a last resource, it is probable they would no more be used.

The other great difficulty besetting the way of adjusting all national differences by peaceful methods, comes in the form of this suggestion; that there is a value in national security in the sense that we have the means of defence and cannot wantonly be wronged, a value likewise in the immense public and enduring blessings of independence—a value which is worthy of the awful cost of war. This suggestion I believe, includes all that can be said in allowance of war, and yet it does not say enough to prove that war is either wise or necessary. For in fact, the more the blessings of security and independence are appreciated and the higher the estimate set upon them, the more will the means multiply for preserving them without strife.

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"Such is the responsibility of rulers. They have the means henceforward to prevent all Christian wars. Let them be held to their faithful use. No single injunction would tend more to improve our rulers than to instruct them that in all cases they must do without fighting. This injunction would help the morals of some of them individually, and in the end it would save and bless the nation. The relations of civilized men will reach at no distant day those fair heights of justice and wisdom, the holy mountain of prophecy, where peace shall reign, and God will command his blessing. Let the eyes of our rulers strain their gaze to catch a glimpse of those summits. There is no moral obligation resting upon any human being to do battle with a fellow man. Therefore the contingency is possible that there may soon be no soldiers, or that soldiers will refuse to fight. If that contingency be realized, the kings and rulers of nations must govern by peace. Let them anticipate that time. War has lost its charm as a pastime, it has been spoiled of its honor as a game, and it dares no longer propose itself as a test of the right. There is thought to be wisdom in being prepared for war—but there is a higher wisdom than this of preparation, it is the wisdom of avoiding war. Do not think that all the increasing ingenuity and intelligence of modern times has been spent in making cannons, swords and battle ships with greater skill. Part of that intelligence has indeed gone into the hands of men, but more of it has gone into their minds and hearts to make their perfect weapons perfectly useless. War is no longer necessary, where then shall it find a defence?"

* Blackwood's Magazine for April 1846.

"CABBAGE HEADS."

Rev. Dr. Tyng, of the Episcopal church, in his truly eloquent speech at the recent anniversary of the Amer. Bible society, explained how it was that he could display so much "independence" in the utterance of his sentiments, "caring not at all what people said of him," related the following anecdote:

"When Daniel Webster had been speaking, on a certain occasion, in Faneuil Hall, a friend expressed some surprise that he should be able to maintain such self-possession before that sea of human heads, upturned towards him. 'Oh,' said Mr. Webster, 'I just think that they are so *many cabbage heads*,' and that is the way that I feel at my ease.'"

It is of small consequence to inquire whether the reverend gentleman was not at fault in fastening the paternity of this remark on the Hon. Mr. Webster, (for it may be found in any old book of facetiæ, before Mr. Webster's birth.)—Nor do we express any opinion as to the mere matter of taste in the use of such an equivocal compliment to one of the most intelligent assemblies of ministers and laymen ever convened; but as the sentiment conveyed in this anecdote is endorsed by one of such unquestioned abilities as a forensic speaker, and of such high standing as a Christian minister, I venture to say a word in its most serious reprobation. Let not any young aspirant for the sacred office ever delude himself with the opinion that the way to acquire ease, self-possession and independence in the pulpit or on the platform, is to imagine that his hearers are nothing but "*cabbage heads.*" Let not the members of our Christian congregations ever suppose that this is the method by which their religious teachers arrive at a desirable freedom of address.

There is a more excellent way. Here, and as the sentiment upon which we now animadvert is contained in an anecdote, we will relate another which, in our judgment, conveys a far better rule of Sacred Rhetoric.

The Rev. Mr. —— was appointed many years ago to preach the election sermon before the Governor, Senators and Representatives of Connecticut. Unaccustomed to such an audience, he displayed no little diffidence and trepidation in prospect of appearing before so much talent and dignity. This being noticed by the company in which he was, a brother in the ministry of a different mould said to him, "Why, Brother ——, don't mind the Governor and the great people; just think that they are all cabbage heads, and then you will be at your ease." "Think no such thing," said the excellent Dr. Strong, taking his friend aside, "think that you are going to preach before the most intellectual, and honorable, and learned audience that can be assembled in the State: bear in mind that they are *immortal* men, who will stand with you in the judgment of the great day; remember that angels are present, and so is your Lord and Master; rely upon it, the more your mind is awed by reflections like these, the more calm, and balanced, and composed, will it be." The preacher took the advice thus rendered, and afterward thanked the friend who gave it for the happy effect which it produced.

We will not now explain the mental laws by which the excellency of this rule may be substantiated; but we appeal to every preacher of the gospel, whether the most effectual mode of imparting the calm, and independence, and fearlessness which become him as a minister of Christ, is not by magnifying and exalting the intelligence and dignity of those whom he addresses, and never by imagining them to be nothing but *Cabbage Heads*. [N. Y. Observer.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. W. H. KNAPP.

What we want, what alone can save us and our institutions from ruin, is men of moral integrity and religious principle; men who recognize something higher than public opinion, than any human laws or any worldly prudence and expediency; men who feel their accountability to God, and act by his law; men who live for great purposes, who have a great regard for truth and righteousness, and whom no circumstances, can for a moment, turn aside from the path of duty. On such men, on this kind of character, on these positive qualities, rests all that is valuable in society.

In men, therefore, rather than in laws and institutions are we to see the means of security.—What have our boasted civil and religious institutions done for us! Have they made us an honest, liberty-loving, philanthropic, christian people! We frequently speak of them as the best in the world, and speak truly; yet what folly, what iniquity, what injustice and oppression, is not committed under them! What resistance do they offer to the popular passions of the day!—Are they anything but instruments which may be used for evil as well as for good! What forms of evil have not selfish, unscrupulous and incompetent men already brought upon us, under a constitution or system of government which was designed and calculated to effect the wisest and best purposes. With all the security which this affords, such men have led us to commit all kinds of national meanness and wickedness,—to rob a neighboring nation of its territory, and to engage in a war for the support and extension of slavery—a war in which success can only increase our disgrace throughout the whole civilized world.—If such calamities can thus come upon us, if we may thus be disgraced and ruined under such good civil and political institutions as we have, why do we still rely on these, or look to any others as our means of safety! We have placed altogether too high an estimate upon their power, as we have upon those of a religious nature, to which the preceding remarks will apply with equal force.

One class among us seems to rely on our religious institutions—the church, the sabbath and the ministry as the means of all good; and another class are equally zealous to remove them as hindrances to human progress. Thus both parties, though taking opposite views of their influence, attach an equal importance to it. Now we say that in themselves they have no such importance either way—that the kind of influence exerted through them depends entirely upon the individual characters of those who use them. We have time to speak only of the ministry. What a different thing it is to different persons. Those who are narrow-minded, sectarian bigots use it only for sectarian purposes, and the office, so used, is a public injury. But others, intelligent, philanthropic, whole-souled men, men of deep feeling, of true charity, and heavenly wisdom, use it only for the highest and noblest purposes. They make the office a blessing to the whole community in which they live. Some use it only for their own interest and popularity; if they have no moral courage and dare not call things by their right names, or no moral perceptions, and do not feel the evils of society,—let this be put down against *them*, and not against the ministry. There are others who find it the broadest field of reform, one of the most useful instrumentalities through which they may labor, in perfect freedom, for the advancement of every good cause. But all this depends upon the individual characters of these men, and must be placed to their credit. The ministry is practically just what they choose to make it.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTOUN.

We scarcely remember any account of a good man which has left a more pleasant impression on our mind, than the account of Leightoun, which is to be gathered from different passages in the writings of Bishop Burnet.

In one place, after speaking of his learning, he adds, "but that which excelled all the rest, was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things, that I ever saw in any man. * * He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible; and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him, as he did himself: he bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach, like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that, in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion, but upon one single occasion. He brought himself to so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh and seldom smile. * * There was a visible tendency in all he said, to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. * * He was the freest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible. So that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers; and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. When he spoke of divine things, which he almost perpetually did, it was in such an elevating manner, that I have often reflected on these words, and felt somewhat like them within myself, when I was with him: "*Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?*

"His preaching had sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. [It was so different from all others, and, indeed from every thing that one could hope to rise up to, that it gave a man an indignation at himself, and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me; and, for some time after I heard him, I could not bear the thought of my own performances; and was out of countenance, when I was forced to think of preaching. *Restored passage in Dr. Routh's edition.*] His style was rather too fine: but there was a majesty and beauty in it, that left so deep an impression, that I cannot, yet, forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet, with this, he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that, while he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others: and, when he was a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice before-hand. He had, indeed, a very low voice, and so, could not be heard by a great crowd. He soon came to see into the follies of the presbyterians, and to dislike their covenant: particularly the imposing it, and their fury against all who differed from them. He found they were not capable of large thoughts: theirs were narrow, as their tempers were sour. So, he grew weary of mixing with them. He scarce ever went to their meetings, and lived in great retirement, minding only the care of his new parish, at Newbottle, near Edinburgh. Yet, all the opposition that he made to them, was, that he preached up a more exact rule of life, than seemed to them consistent with human nature: but his own practice did even outshine his doctrine."

"He did not think orders given without bishops were null and void. He thought, the forms of government were not settled, by such positive laws, as were unalterable; but only by apostolical practices, which, as he thought, authorised Episcopacy as the best form. Yet, he did not think it necessary to the being of a Church. But he thought, that every Church might make such rules of ordination, as they pleased."

"The ensuing events did not tend to inspire Leightoun with better hopes. In the year 1665, he was prevailed on to go to court, to give the king a true account of the proceedings in Scotland, which, he said, were so violent, that he could not concur in the planting the Christian religion itself, in such a manner: much less a form of government. He, therefore, begged leave to quit his bishoprick, and to retire; for he thought he was, in some sort, accessory to the violences done by others, since he was one of them, and all was pretended to be done, to establish them, and their order. There were, indeed, no violences committed in his diocese. He went round it, continually every year, preaching and catechizing from parish to parish. He continued in his private, and ascetic course of life, and gave all his income, beyond the small expense of his own person, to the poor. He studied to raise in his clergy, a greater sense of spiritual matters, and of the care of souls; and was, in all respects, a burning and shining light, highly esteemed by the greater part of his diocese: even the presbyterians were much mollified, if not quite overcome, by his mild and heavenly course of life. The king seemed touched with the state that the country was in: he spoke very severely of Sharp: and assured Leightoun he would quickly come to other measures, and put a stop to those violent methods: but he would, by no means, suffer him to quit his bishoprick. So the king gave orders, that the ecclesiastical commission should be discontinued; and signified his pleasure, that another way of proceeding was necessary for his affairs.

By such promises, Leightoun was induced to persevere in his Episcopal labors, and at length to accept of the vacant see of Glasgow; but, after ten years of fruitless endeavors, he concluded he could do no good on either side: he had gained no ground on the presbyterians, and was suspected and hated by the Episcopal party. So, he resolved to retire from all public employments, and to spend the rest of his days in a corner, far from noise and business, and to give himself wholly to prayer and meditation; since he saw, he could not carry on his great designs of healing and reforming the church, on which he had set his heart. He had gathered together many instances out of church-history, of bishops that had left their sees, and retired from the world; and was much pleased with these. He and I had many discourses on this argument. I thought, a man ought to be determined by the providence of God; and to continue in the station he was in, though he could not do all the good in it, that he had promised to himself: he might do good, in a private way, by his example, and by his labors, more than he himself could know: and, as a man ought to submit to sickness, poverty, or other afflictions, when they are laid on him by the hand of providence, so I thought, the laboring without success, was, indeed, a very great trial of patience; yet, such laboring in an ungrateful employment, was a cross, and so was to be borne with submission; and that, a great uneasiness under that, or the forsaking a station because of it, might be the effect of secret pride, and an indignation against providence. He, on the other hand, said, his work seemed to be at an end: he had no more to do, unless he had a mind to please himself, with the lazy enjoying a good revenue. So, he could not be wrought on, by all that could be laid before him; but followed duke Lauderdale to court, and begged leave to retire from his archbishoprick. The duke would, by no means, consent to this. He then desired, that he might be allowed to do it, within a year. Duke Lauderdale thought so much time was gained; so, to be rid of his importunities, he mo

but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen him in. When I took notice of him, upon my first seeing him, how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that; and his work and journey both were now almost done. This, at that time, made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and, as it seemed, with a cold and with stitches, which was, indeed, a pleurisy.

The next day, Leightoun sunk so, that both speech and sense went away of a sudden; and he continued panting, about twelve hours, and then died, without pangs or convulsions. I was by him, all the while.

Thus I lost him, who had been, for many years, the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy; dividing his time wholly, between study and retirement, and the doing of good. For, in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching, and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing, rather, to have it go through other people's hands, than his own: for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well chosen library, of curious, as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane, for the use of the clergy there; that country being ill provided with books. He lamented oft to me, the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England; who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion, than the commons of Scotland were. He retained, still, a peculiar inclination to Scotland: and, if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone, and lived and died among them.

In the short time that the affairs of Scotland were in the duke of Monmouth's hands, that duke had been possessed with such an opinion of him, that he moved the king to write to him, to go, and at least live in Scotland, if he would not engage in a bishoprick there; but that fell with that duke's credit. He was, in his last years, turned to a greater severity against popery, than I had imagined a man of his temper, and of his largeness in point of opinion, was capable of. He spoke of the corruptions, of the secular spirit, and of the cruelty, that appeared in that church, with an extraordinary concern; and lamented the shameful advances, that we seemed to be making towards popery. He did this, with a tenderness, and an edge, that I did not expect, from so recluse, and mortified a man. He looked on the state the church of England was in, with very melancholy reflections; and was very uneasy, at an expression then much used, that it was the best constituted church in the world. He thought it was truly so, with relation to the doctrine, the worship, and the main part of our government. But, as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts, and the pastoral care, he looked on it, as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought, we looked like a fair carcass of a body, without a spirit: without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy, that became us.

There were two remarkable circumstances, in his death. He used often to say, that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn: it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends, was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance, of those that could be procured in such a place, would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell-inn, in Warwick-lane. Another circumstance was, that, while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him; so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly, by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there: and the last payment that he could expect from thence, was returned up to him, about six weeks before his death: so that his provision and journey failed both at once.

And thus, in the several parts of this history, I have given a very particular account, of every thing relating to this apostolical man; whose life I would have writ, if I had not found proper places, to bring the most material parts of it within this work. I reckon, that I owed this, to that perfect friendship, and fatherly care, with which he had always treated me."

"I have now laid together, with great simplicity, what has been the chief subject of my thoughts, for above thirty years. I was formed to them, by a bishop, that had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and heavenly disposition, that I ever yet saw in mortal; that had the greatest parts, as well as virtue, with the perfectest humility, that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with so grave a gesture, and such a majesty both of thought, of language, and of pronunciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached; and have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him; and of whom, I can say, with great truth, that, in a free and frequent conversation with him, for above two-and-twenty years, I never knew him to say an idle word, [or one] that had not a direct tendency to edification: and I never saw him, in any other temper, but that which I wished to be in, in the last minutes of my life."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 4, 1846.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

An anonymous and unknown correspondent severely reproves us for publishing an account of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and threatens to withdraw his name as a subscriber, if such things are to appear in future. We are sorry to have been the cause of such feelings to any one, but cannot help thinking that our correspondent will feel differently, when he has thought more carefully upon the subject. Under the head of general intelligence we notice such items of news, as we suppose may interest our readers. If a remarkable murder is committed; if there should be among us an insurrection, or an attempt to assassinate Gov. Briggs, we should give notice of it, and our subscriber probably would find no fault with us. Why then should the Anti-Slavery Society be singled out, as a subject about which no intelligence should be given? Are their proceedings so much worse than the crimes of Albert J. Tirrel, that they cannot even be named in a brief abstract without wounding the moral sensibilities of religious men? If the Anti-Slavery movement is a trifling matter, such a notice as we have given can do no harm. If it be one of the great movements of the times, agitating this country from one extreme to the other as no other subject does, and every year becoming more serious, we cannot wink it out of sight. Our silence will only cause its voice to be heard more loudly. It must engage the attention of the sober, thinking men of the community. It is well that they should watch its progress; that they should see the extravagant excesses into which it is bursting out; and strive not to suppress it, not to stop it;—else it will overwhelm and crush them;—but to guide it, to bring to bear upon it the influence of wise thoughts and a Christian zeal.

It is idle to say, that it is a subject which does not concern us. It meets us at every turn. It is the great question of the age, throughout the whole civilized world. It is not the exclusive property of a few fanatical Anti-Slavery leaders in Massachusetts. It is engaging the attention of Christians and philanthropists everywhere, at the North and at the South,—in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and even the Bay of Tunis has abolished slavery throughout his dominions as inconsistent with his ideas of right. The doom of Slavery is sealed; and it must soon take its place with piracy and the slave-trade, both of which were once honorable employments. It must go down. The religion, the morals, the intelligence, the enterprise and the selfish interests of the age, are conspiring against it. The only question is as to the time and the means. Shall it be left entirely in the hands of fanatics—the two extremes at the North and the South? Or shall the ablest and wisest men of the nation give to it their profoundest thought, and devise the most peaceful and effective means for its entire removal?

The subject is altogether too solemn for levity or passion. Three millions of human beings, kept in bondage by a nation of Christians, whose great law of religious duty towards man is, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,—by a nation of freemen, whose first article of political rights is that all men are born free and equal,—are an object, the thought of which may call forth tears of sorrow and penitence, may make us tremble lest the righteous judgment of heaven should fall upon us, and lead us to give up all our powers of thought and action to devise and carry out the means for its removal. But we cannot regard it with petulance or levity. Nor can we throw it aside as having nothing to do with us. When our ships are lying idle at the wharves, when we are spending three millions of dollars a week, to say nothing of the waste of life and morals;—when more than twenty five thousand men are called out from the free States to shed their blood in an infamous war brought upon us by the influence and for the extension of Slavery, it is an insult to our intelligence, to tell us that we have nothing to do with the subject. We cannot escape it. It meets us at every turn. It is the controlling power in our political movements. It makes our laws, appoints our officers, and without our consent declares war. It is dividing and tearing in pieces our Churches. It is threatening civil disorganization and disunion. All this it is now doing; and it will not do to close our eyes against it. The question is one that we must meet, calmly, deliberately, with our best thoughts and our most fervent prayers. In this way, by devising the most effectual means of removing a deep-seated and otherwise fatal disease,—in this way and in this alone, shall we prove ourselves the true conservatives of the public peace.

CHRISTIANITY NOT LESS A MEANS THAN AN END.

"Piety, or love to God, and goodness, or love to man," we are told, "are the end and purpose of Christianity, and, therefore, the only essential things. We may cut off from the gospel everything else, and still remain Christians; for everything else is comparatively unimportant." Nothing can be more unphilosophical than such a statement. Christianity is not only an end, but a means. As well may you tear away all the machinery of a manufactory and pull down the building, because cloth is the end and purpose of the whole matter, and, therefore, the only essential thing;—as well may you neglect your fields and the whole process by which grain is produced, because bread is the end and purpose of them all, and, therefore, the only essential;—as throw aside in Christianity the wonderful preparation of means by which piety and goodness are to be cherished. Christ is *the way and the truth*, not less than the life: and he, who cuts *them* off, causes the divine life itself to languish and die within us.

SPIRITUAL REST.

Every pure and sensitive mind, harrassed by the doubts and cares of life, longs at times for repose. How often do we say; "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest"—at rest from the world's injustice and our own passions, in the arms of a warm religious faith. It is in such moments of rest, and of still communion with our God, that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth us understanding,—that the heart is made wise and strong for new labors and conquests.

For the Register.

MISCELLANIES

Consisting of I. Letters to Dr. Channing on the Trinity. II. Two Sermons on the Atonement. III. Sacramental Sermon on the Lamb of God. IV. Dedication Sermon—Real Christianity. V. Letter to Dr. Channing on Religious Liberty. VI. Supplementary Notes and Postscripts of new additional matter. By M. Stuart, Prof. Sacred Literature, in the Theological Institution, at Andover.

To use one of Prof. Stuart's own words, the publication of this volume struck us at first sight as a gross *parachronism*. In reading it, we seem to have been communing with the dead.—The whole book has an antique and obsolete air. It revives questions, which have been dropped for years, if not settled, and presents an array of aggressive and defensive weapons, which we did not expect to see taken from the shelf again.—It consists of letters and discourses, (the new as well as the old,) adapted to the condition of the Trinitarian controversy a quarter of a century ago. It covers ground, with which the younger generation even of the educated clergy have hardly made themselves familiar. We fear that it will find but few careful readers among those of the author's own creed; we doubt whether it will receive from his theological opponents the elaborate dissection and criticism which it merits. Yet we say not these things in disparagement of the work; for we ourselves look with little complacency on the indifference to questions of scriptural interpretation now prevalent. We have no tolerance for those Trinitarians, (and we know some,) who admit that the doctrine of the Trinity is not substantialted by express revelation, yet aid and abet in its imposition as a religious test, because they deem it a convenient and pregnant formula of metaphysical truth. Equally little sympathy have we with those who leap to conclusions like our own, without testing them by the authentic records of the Christian revelation. We entertain the highest respect for biblical criticism, and the firmest faith in its legitimate results. We doubt not the perfect wisdom of our Savior, and the divine inspiration of his apostles; and hold ourselves ready to receive as the truth of God whatever we can be convinced they taught. We admit that revelation has a province of its own beyond the range of our intuitions and reasoning; and are therefore prepared to take on trust truths, which we might not ascertain satisfactorily for ourselves. We cannot indeed believe absurd or self-contradictory propositions, but, were we convinced that the New Testament contained propositions of this character, we should utterly and openly reject it, instead of appealing to it when it suited our purpose, and denying its authority when it came into conflict with our own notions. We profess ourselves to maintain in this regard the same position, which was held both by Prof. Stuart and Dr. Channing, when the series of letters, which occupies the first place in this volume, was written. We deem it incumbent on us first to ascertain, by a consideration of both external and internal evidences, whether Christ was divinely commissioned and endowed, and whether the sacred writers were authorized and competent expositors of his life and religion; and, these questions answered in the affirmative, we are to derive all Christian verities from those writers, only taking care to apply to their words adequate, rational and liberal canons of criticism.

Professor Stuart has some great faults of style. He lacks simplicity and perspicuity. He is apt to be prolix, and to repeat himself, often more than once and with little change. He frequently writes in a leash of languages at a time, and prefers Latin or Greek phrases to English, disdaining to speak of the "received text," if only a tithe of his readers may know what "Textus Receptus" means.

As a critic, he has almost equal merits and faults. The profoundness and accuracy of his learning none can doubt. He is thoroughly conversant with original authorities, and heaps together, with an affluence that could hardly be surpassed, the requisite materials for forming a judgment on every difficult or disputed point.—His frankness and candor too are worthy of all praise. The appeal to prejudice and passion, (the *argumentum ad invidiam*, as he would say,) is never brought by him to reinforce a weak, or prolong an obsolete interpretation. He evidently yields to his opponents all the ground which he regards as lawfully theirs, and concedes the rights and the respect which he claims. We hardly know the author, whose writings bear more decidedly than his the signature of a sincere heart and an honest purpose.

Among his faults as a critic, we would first name his habit of *aphoristic* criticism, that is, of interpreting single passages with little or no reference to the connection in which they stand. This mode of interpretation is the basis of Calvanism. Did we admit it as legitimate, we could easily transfer ourselves to the foremost ranks of Orthodox believers. There are many passages in the apostolic epistles, which, taken by themselves, mean Calvinism, and nothing else; but there is not one of these, which to our eye is not restricted by the context to a far different signification. Now Prof. Stuart seems to us in such cases to pay very little attention to the general drift of the writer, from whom he cites his proof-texts: but interprets each text, as if it contained all that the author had to say on the subject at issue. We also find fault with him, (as with many other critics, both of the Orthodox and the liberal school,) for the stress, which he lays upon the *proof-text* (so called.)—For instance, many, and he no less than any, are disposed to argue the whole question of our Savior's nature from the score or two of texts, that are supposed to contain special doctrinal statements on that point. Were we to rest the issue here, we have no doubt that the balance of proof would preponderate in favor of the Unitarian theory, yet not so decidedly or triumphantly as might be desirable. But the true question, paramount by far to that of the interpretation of single proof-texts, is: What view of our Savior's personal nature would an unprejudiced reader derive from the whole narrative of his life, and from the mode in which his disciples were wont to speak and write of him after his ascension? And we cannot conceive of a man's seriously asking this question, and remaining a Trinitarian.

We would also object to Professor Stuart as a critic, that he is too much of a mere critic.—He has not paused in the work of verbal analysis long enough to compare, arrange and systematize his results. His theological ideas are vague, and intangible. He regards certain stereotyped names of doctrines as sacred, without attaching to the names any definite conceptions. Thus his reverence for a verbal Trinity of persons in the Godhead seems unbounded; and yet he disowns all past definitions of the Trinity, without proposing any in their stead. So also he expatiates on the necessity of believing that Christ in the atonement rendered to the Almighty an *equivalent* for the punishment due to human guilt, and then goes on to show that Christ's sufferings as to *kind* and *quantity*, fell far short of being an equivalent. This indefiniteness of conception unfits him for applying his favorite canon, the justice of which none can dispute, that *the analogy of faith* must determine our choice among the possible interpretations of any given passage of Scripture.

Much of his criticism seems to us vitiated by his distorted views as to the essentials of Christianity. The technical doctrines of Trinitarian Calvinism are evidently the central doctrines of his system; and his antecedent conviction of their infinite moment lends to many words and phrases in scripture, an emphasis which the writer never intended to give, and often leads him to lay the chief stress in interpretation upon what is incidental or parenthetical, and to throw the main idea into the background. Had the great moral purpose of our Savior's mission, the production of personal holiness, occupied in his theology the place of paramount importance, which we doubt not it holds in his heart-belief, many of his Trinitarian and Calvinistic proof-texts would have expanded, (not dwindled,) into simple statements of the law of God and the duty of man.

More than half of the volume before us is occupied by the "Letters on the Trinity," addressed to Dr. Channing, in consequence of the publication of his Baltimore Ordination Sermon in 1820. These have a historical value as the earliest memorial of the conflict which resulted in the division of the Congregational denomination in New England. They are remarkable for the utter omission of all moral considerations with reference to the subjects in controversy. No attempt is made to show how a belief in the Trinity can influence a man's heart or life, or to take that dogma out of the region of unprofitable metaphysics. Neither is the Trinity nor the collateral doctrine of the two natures of Christ so defined or described, that a serious inquirer could ascertain what it was, that was thus commended to his belief. In reperusing these letters, we were strongly impressed with the conviction, that the writer assumed at every step the truth of the doctrines in question as a basis for his criticisms. He cites in proof of the Trinity many passages, which indeed may refer to that doctrine, if it be a doctrine of scripture, but in which an indifferent reader would detect no such reference. We should therefore expect his theological kindred to rejoice in the work, as greatly enlarging the grounds of their own belief, while we should be surprised to know that it ever shook the faith of an intelligent Unitarian. But he also reminds us that our criticism was at that same time lame and faulty. He attacks numerous expositions of the Priestly and Belsham school, which would now find few champions,—expositions, which, like most of his, were originally adopted to sustain a foregone conclusion. On some of these we intend to offer a few remarks in a subsequent article. There are awkwardly interwoven with these letters frequent references to recent publications and events, which are too atrocious a violation of rhetorical propriety to be covered by the apology for them in the preface; and the last letter is followed by a new postscript, containing among other matters a review of Mrs. Dana's late work. Here Prof. Stuart does himself no honor. He presents a marked and revolting contrast to the dignified courtesy, which marks his letters to Dr. Channing. He is coarse, flippant and abusive. The style and tone of these pages would disgrace the columns of a partizan newspaper. In his indignation at meeting "a lady combatant" in the field, he forgets to be a gentleman. Unless he knows Mrs. Dana to be both a hypocrite and a fool, there cannot be the shadow of an apology for his treatment of her book.

The sermons on the Atonement and on the Lamb of God maintain in full the old theory of substitution, and yet make admissions that are in our view adapted to undermine and destroy it. The true Calvinistic theory is, that a just God cannot remit sin, without a full payment of its penalty. According to Prof. Stuart, this *full* payment was not made. Christ did not bear an infinite amount of torment; for his divine nature did not suffer, and his human nature, being finite, was incapable of rendering by a few hours of agony "an equivalent in kind and quantity" for the punishment due to human guilt. God then abated somewhat from the demands of strict justice,—he remitted without satisfaction a large portion of the penalty of sin,—what metaphysical objection can exist then to our maintaining that he has remitted the whole of it,—that he pardons the penitent by his own free, unpurchased mercy! The scriptural proofs quoted in these sermons are for the most part passages, which might imply a vicarious atonement, were that doctrine antecedently proved; but we cannot point to one of them, which in our opinion would suggest such an idea to an inquirer, who brought to the study of the scriptures a mind not preoccupied by other men's theories.

We next have the sermon delivered at the Dedication of the Hanover Street Church in Boston in 1826. This undertakes to give the prominent characteristics of Christian believers, which are trust in Christ, love to him, the rendering of religious homage to him, and obedience to his commandments. The sermon is illogical, tautological and inconclusive. Its chief design is to bring within the compass of a single discourse all the leading texts of scripture, on which reliance is placed in defence of the supreme deity of Christ and his vicarious atonement.

On the letter on "Religious Liberty," with its new postscript, we designed to have offered some comment; but having already exceeded the usual length of our critical notices, we postpone what we would have said to some future number of the Register.

A. P. P.

For the Register.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY A SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Through the kind Providence of God we are permitted to meet again in the Sabbath School. But I am reminded that we are not *all* here.—Death has taken one of our number since last we met,—one who for the last three years manifested a great interest in the school—one who had gained the affection of her Teacher, and had made herself interesting to us all.

Helen M. Tripp, who died on the 2d day of April, after a distressing illness of two days, was one of our most interesting scholars. Her lovely disposition and sweet manners were very attractive. The last time she was with us, I noticed a peculiarly thoughtful expression, and since her death I have been told she was always a thoughtful child, chiding even her parents for every vain word they might utter. In a recent conversation with her mother, she related some incidents in her life, that are interesting and worthy of note; and they seem to show that she had a presentment of an early death. Her mind dwelt much upon the goodness of God, upon death and the eternal world.

Helen was fond of reading hymns and committing them to memory.

Her taste in the selection of Hymns was very good. One that she had committed and left marked in the book is beautiful. It is a prayer at entering school, by Mrs Sigourney.

Lord lead my heart to learn;
Prepare my ears to hear;
And let me useful knowledge seek,
In thy most holy fear.

If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
To offend thy perfect eyes—

Remove them far away,
Inspire me with thy love,
That I may please thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

A week before her death she was visiting a relation in Dorchester and she took an opportunity to go with a young friend into the burying ground. She said to her after passing round the grave of a little child, "this is the way people will visit and pass round *our* graves soon."

After her return she committed and marked, as if she knew she was soon to be called to another world, a hymn which is probably familiar to many of you.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, When I am gone.
Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear.
When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

Helen's sensibility was strong, and was evinced in a little incident her mother related to me. One book entitled "Blind Alice," which she received at the close of the Sunday School, she was never able to read through. It was so affecting that she would cry and sob as though her heart would break. But what is most striking, her sufferings were the same, and she died of the same disease as that related in her book.

There were many interesting incidents in her life, but I have already told you enough to convince you that she took an interest in heavenly things,—that she was good,—that she loved the Sunday School,—she loved her teacher, and that she was loved by us all.

Let us, my dear children, try to imitate her virtues. Let us learn to fill up life with usefulness—with doing good to all, to the sick, and those that are apt to be forgotten. Then when we die and are buried, the green sod may be moistened by the tears of the good, and our spirits accepted in heaven.

For the Register.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

There is one consideration which makes *eternal* punishment almost impossible consistenly with the character we ascribe to God as a wise, just and benevolent Being,—and that is the nature of man as a *free agent*. In a future world he must either continue to be a *free agent*, or else he must be a *necessary* agent. By the former, I mean that he will still have a control over his character and actions, and may become a holy or sinful being as he chooses. By the latter, I mean that he will be impelled to certain conduct, feelings and motives, by some external or internal controlling power or impulse for this purpose, which he will be altogether unable to resist. If he continue to be a *free agent*, it is manifest that although he may enter the other world as a sinner, he may effect an entire transformation of character, and become a saint. In this case then, the further infliction of punishment could be of no further use,—and it certainly would be a singular and revolting spectacle to see a Being whom we considered perfectly wise, benevolent and just, continue to inflict punishment upon one of his creatures, who had repented of his former course of conduct, become a virtuous and holy being, and was disposed to live in obedience to the Divine will hereafter. We ask in such a case, what good would the infliction of pain and misery do to such a person or any one else? Would it not on the other hand do much mischief, by lessening our confidence in the goodness and wisdom of God, and in destroying the connection which we have been accustomed to consider as existing between virtue and happiness, and an obedience to the Divine will and the bestowment of the Divine blessing.

If on the other hand, the ground is taken, that he becomes a *necessary agent* and has no control over his character and conduct, it is manifest that he can be no longer a sinful being, since he can be no longer an accountable being. What he is and what he does is no longer matter of choice with him, but is produced by some controlling power from within or without, under which he is perfectly passive, so much so as a brute animal under the influence of instinct. He would be in the same situation as an insane person or idiot in this world, to whom we attach no moral character and hold in no way accountable for their actions. And there would be the same justice and benevolence in punishing the insane or the idiotic on earth for their mischievous conduct, as in punishing a person in another world after he had ceased to be a *free* agent and become the subject of a blind and resistless influence.

Now as the infliction of future punishment with those who believe that it will be *eternal*, generally proceeds upon the ground that the person punished continues to be a sinner, and that his continuing to sin will make it necessary that he should continue to suffer, it is obvious that it will apply to neither a man viewed as a *free* agent or as a *necessary* agent, since he may cease to be a sinner in the former case, and cannot be a sinner in the latter. And as he must be either a *free agent* or a *necessary* agent in the other world, it follows that he may avoid making himself subject to eternal punishment on the one or the other of these grounds.

Punishment in another world has been viewed by those who believe in the doctrine of *eternal* punishment as in the nature of a *Retribution*, and being inflicted for this purpose, and not for its reforming and purifying influence, it is contended that the sinner never can be changed by its operation, but will always remain such. And always remaining a sinner, he must always be deserving of punishment, and must always be subjected to it. This I believe is the Calvinistic view of the subject. But this position in my apprehension clearly assumes that the individual will be under some irresistible influence which will compel him to remain a sinner, which in other words is depriving him of his *free agency* and reducing him to the scale of a *necessary* agent. And if he becomes a *necessary* agent, it follows as I before said, that he can no longer be a sinner, since he is no longer an accountable being, and has no longer any control over his feelings and his actions. But if it is contended that he still remains a *free agent*, I then say that he may change his character and be no longer a sinner—and then what becomes of the doctrine that he will sin forever, and must therefore suffer forever. So that they may take which side of the dilemma they choose, and on either horn of it, whether on that of *free agency* or *necessary agency*, the doctrine of *eternal* punishment in the view they take of it, will fall to the ground.

A.

For the Register.

"SOMETHING ENERGETIC OUGHT TO BE DONE TO INCREASE THE SUPPLY OF MINISTERS OF OUR FAITH."

Mr. Editor,—I find these words in the last number of the Register. I have seen and heard such intimations of the want of ministers among us, frequently during the last fifteen years—and have been myself induced, within that period, with considerable difficulty, to prepare myself for the ministry, thinking that where there was such pressing want—there would be an equally pressing demand—and that even the most humble laborer would be welcomed into the field. But my observation and experience have constantly forced upon my mind the conviction, that such calls and corresponding statements of the wants of the ministry, are not calculated to convey correct impressions—are indeed to be taken with great limitations—and tend to excite expectations which have been in many instances, and are likely to be in many more—cruelly disappointed.

What is the strict truth in this matter? Do we really need more ministers? No doubt we do. The want has not been exaggerated. It has never been fully stated. Over all parts of the United States—ministers and missionaries of our faith might be sent by scores—and find grateful and intelligent hearers. New York and the vast West, are altogether ripe for the harvest.

But suppose we had three hundred or a thousand men, ready to go to these regions to proclaim the Gospel—could we send them? No. We have not the means. The few who would be glad to go now, and be spent in the service of Christ, are restrained by the want of an assured support. It is not that they are selfish and avaricious and ambitious—they are ready to go, and submit to toil and privation and "wear out as good constitutions as God ever gave" in his cause—but they must be just and leave no debts behind—they must provide for their own households—and they truly think that it would be wrong for them to sacrifice their duties to man to their duties to Christ.

As the case then is—we do *not* need more ministers to send abroad. We have little or no means to sustain them—and no prudent man would enter the ministry, to be a missionary, while things remain in their present condition. Until sufficient means are given to us, to render the situation of our missionaries as sure and comfortable in a pecuniary point of view—as is that of our ministers who remain in their comfortable New England homes, it argues a great want of knowledge of human nature, to expect that our young men will give themselves to a work which demands the sacrifices of those homes—of ministerial intercourse—of friends—of educational and social privileges—and the subjection of themselves to coldness, indifference, distrust and persecution. I speak from personal experience—and say that though there have been other things trying to my patience—they have all been trifling in comparison with pecuniary embarrassment, the annoyance of duns, and the necessity of finding the means after breakfast to buy a dinner—and the almost certainty of being obliged to repeat the experiment in the course of a few days. However willing a minister might be to give up all else for this work, I would not advise any one to undertake it without the assured means of support—he cannot do so without injustice and exposure to his family—and incurring the well known reproof of Paul.

I hold, then, that under the circumstances, we do *not* need more ministers for the missionary service. We have not the means to send and support them on this service—and they cannot, in justice to their families, to themselves and to others, engage in this service, without an assured support. We have not the means to give this support to the few who are saying, "We are ready, send us." And we cannot without cruelty invite others to prepare themselves for this service, until we have secured the means of employing them in it, when they are prepared.

What we want, first, is; money, money. Not more men—but more money. Give our executive officers, more money—a hundred thousand dollars if you please for missionary operations and they will then accomplish something. It will then be time to call for more men. It will then be unnecessary to *call* for them. We are ready to come forward without a call, when we see the means ready to employ us in our desired work, and to carry on operations with vigor and seccess. X.

Should you see fit to publish this, I shall send another communication, in regard to the *home* want of more ministers.

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We thank our correspondent for his view of the case and shall be happy to receive his further communication. We have room now only for a single paragraph in reply, which we take from Dr. Alexander.

"In vain do we seek to awaken in our churches zeal for missions as a separate thing. To be genuine, it must flow from love to Christ. It is when a sense of personal communion with the Son of God is highest, that we shall be most fit for missionary work; either to go ourselves, or to stir up others. If we allow it to become a business of dollars and cents we shall see no results. "Find preachers of D. Brainerd's spirit," said John Wesley, "and nothing can stand before them; but without this, what can gold or silver do?" Let gushing affection to the Lord Jesus Christ become the ruling passion, and it communicates the thrill of evangelical zeal to every member of the electric chain."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Congregationalism. A discourse delivered before the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational ministers, Boston, May 28, 1846. By Alvan Lamson.

We have readthis sermon, as we listened to it, with unmingled pleasure. It is the finished work of a thorough scholar, a clear thinker, a pure and chaste writer. The subject is Congregationalism, "its rights, its historical significance and fruits, its spirit and essential tendencies." We should be glad to transfer to our columns the whole discourse, but must confine ourselves to a single extract from what is said under the last head.

"Your churches, it is said, afford no repose, no rest, no sure ground of confidence; and the mind seeks repose in religion, it demands a faith attended with certainty. Amid the agitations of the times, the warfare of sects, and the constantly changing converts of human opinions and belief, it asks for a church whose characteristic is permanency and invariableness of creed and ritual.

This sigh for repose I can understand. We do want something fixed and permanent. The mind does sigh for certainty, if it can have it, and so far as it can have. Doubt, change, tides in opinion, the crumbling away of old beliefs, or the philosophy of old beliefs, the antagonism of the present and the past, this is what none of us like. But then the remedy is not found, I think in the direction in which we are required to look for it.

In the first place this sort of repose of which some speak, and which they profess to find in traditional authority and invariable forms and usages is all a dream, a delusion. I do not say that repose, a rational repose, such as ought to satisfy us, is unattainable, but that repose of the kind alluded to is not real. At least I cannot conceive it to be so. It is objective, not subjective. It is repose in the outward. It is not repose of thought, but that repose which comes from stifling thought, and repressing activity of intellect. This is too much like making a solitude and calling it peace. For let intellect and thought continue to exert themselves, continue active, must not some such questions arise, or may they not? After all, am I certain that in taking up my rest in this traditional and infallible authority of the Church, I am not deceiving myself? Is it not possible my first step may have been taken in the dark, that there may have been an error in my first conclusion? I have resigned my reason to the authority of the Church. But it is quite clear, clear as the light of the sun at noon day, that my belief in the authority of the Church rests on a foundation of certainty? May there not have been a fallacy in my first inference? I have no higher ground for believing in this authority than reason judging of the evidence, somewhat abstruse and complicated, of the title of the Church to the implicit submission of my understanding to her guidance. That is, on the ground of reason, I am to deny or abjure my reason. Here then I arrive at complete skepticism. Instead of certainty I find myself involved in the most bewildering and mournful doubt. Now I ask, if in minds possessing in any ordinary degree activity of thought, some such process as this would be very unnatural? Nay, would it not be the most natural thing in the world? Can we thus long stifle thought, thus put to sleep the subtle, scrutinizing, ever active intellect, put down all questions, and forbid all doubts? No. This repose then, absolute repose, rest, of which we sometimes hear, in an unchanging Church, creed, ritual, worship, is all a delusion. And so multitudes have found it, and multitudes more will. I have described no imaginary process, but a sad and bitter reality, as there are hearts enough, which have testified, and will testify again.

But you are not agreed among yourselves, it is further urged. You have no unity of belief or practice; and how can we find repose in such a religious organization or Church,—without invariable traditions and usages, without articles, without liturgies, which have a binding power and secure uniformity! Secure uniformity!—Alas, this uniformity in churches which defer most to tradition and authority, have fenced themselves round with articles and ligatures, and claim the merit of invariable usage; has existed only in name, and if repose can be found only in uniformity, there is no communion on earth that can afford it.

You are not agreed among yourselves! And are *you* agreed! we may ask in reply of those, whoever they may be, who see fit to bring this charge against us. I think there is some little difference of opinion between the Oxford writers and the Archbishop of Dublin, and the late Dr. Arnold, a very good man, agreed with neither. The Tractarian controversy, which has sent a tide across the broad Atlantic, and has produced a slight ripple even here, must be forgotten, before it will do for the Church in the bosom of which it arose, to say much of the repose of uniformity. If you look at its past history, you will find now high, and now low Church principles in the ascendant; the divine right of Episcopacy and its denial; now a Calvinistic theology and now an Armenian. There is some difference between them, and if a person hold any opinions at all in theology and matters of Church polity, he must choose between them, whatever embarrassment it may occasion him. Where then is the repose of uniformity! It is a fiction.

It is no better in the Roman Church. Every one knows that it has been agitated by controversies from the begining to the present hour.—There have been Councils against Councils, and Popes against Popes; Popes and Councils dissenting, the opinions of one age revised, corrected, or modified in a subsequent age. The "ages of faith,"—were they ages of repose! The Scholastic age.—was that uniform! Was there no difference between doctors Seraphic, Irrefragable, Angelic, Subtile, and the rest! between Abelard and the Monk of Clairvaux? between Aquinas and Duns Scotus; or the latter and William Occam! Nor have controversies and differences yet ceased. It is not yet agreed, where the attribute of infallibility resides, or what is its extent. This infallibility is one thing at Rome, and quite a different thing at Paris, according to the old Gallican and ultramontane doctrine. There are at the present day, no less than four distinct theories maintained by Roman Catholic writers on the subject; some ascribing infallibility to the Pope himself speaking *ex cathedra*, as head of the Church; others requiring the "express consent of a majority of the bishops," others remaining satisfied with their tacit consent, by silence; and a fourth party holding a different theory still. The Council of Trent cautiously avoided making any declaration on the subject. The uniformity claimed, then is merely verbal and external, if so much as that. But will this satisfy thinking minds! Will it give repose!

The truth is, if repose be anything more than the sleep of the soul,—a mere dead formality—it can be found only in one source, and that is in deep personal convictions of religious truth.—With this truth the mind must be brought into direct communication. The religious sentiment and the reason must be satisfied, and this, if the mind be left equally free, is just as easy in one church or communion as in another. And repose is therefore just as easily found—I say, by the earnest soul. Such a soul must have a faith of its own, and with this faith, whether it prostrate itself on the marble pavement of a stately cathedral, or pray in a shed erected by the way side, whether it use the words of another, or its own original utterance, it will find peace and joy in believing. The peace of God will be upon that soul. It has already entered into its rest. As to any other repose, the repose of uniformity, as it is called, or repose in any external organization, it is, as it seems to me, all hollow and deceptive. Its cry is peace, peace, when there is no peace. I repeat, that deep personal religious convictions, a personal faith, which brings the mind into direct communion with truth, affords the only repose, the only shelter amid the mouldering away and renewal or change of human systems. And these earnest personal convictions our church organizations certainly favor by their very simplicity, by leaving so much to the individual, throwing him back on his own conscience and his God."

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Mr. Waterston's Sermon at the Dedication of the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour.

An appropriate, useful, practical discourse. It contains a very short account of the history of the Society with which Mr. Waterston is connected. It was organized a little more than one year ago. In the letter from the Society to Mr. Waterston, inviting him to become their pastor, they say,

"We wish to give greater prominence and effect to acknowledged Christian truth and precept. We desire not so much to seek after new and doubtful views as to apply old and established ones to the heart and conscience in all the spheres and transactions of life. Spiritual life is our chief aim. We would infuse new vigor into the services of the sanctuary, and call upon the congregation to join in the prayers, responses, psalms and singing, and so make them to feel that we are to act as well as to be acted upon. We would therefore use forms, but with such variety and freedom as to avoid formality.

We desire particularly to bring about a greater degree of sympathy and interest in each other than is usual in our congregations; and would therefore encourage frequent meetings for conversation and friendly intercourse. We would have a special care of the young, and desire to see them gathered into a Sunday School and to enjoy occasionally appropriate instruction from their pastor. For our own spiritual benefit, as well as for that of others, we would wish to have special and stated meetings for devotional exercises and the expression of religious sentiment. Such meetings, if the zeal which is apt to abound in them be tempered with moderation, may be made highly useful. In short we wish to learn to practice Christianity, and to have its blessed spirit infused into all the thoughts and actions of our daily life.

With regard to preaching we have nothing further to say than that we desire it to be sound, earnest, practical and pungent; to feel its power, rather than to perceive its beauty; to be made good by it, rather than to be made satisfied with it.

We have founded our church upon Christ, the Saviour, the author and founder of Christianity, the Divine teacher and messenger especially sent from God, on an errand of truth and mercy, and endowed by him with special powers and authority for this purpose. On this Rock we intend to build. We have our own belief upon all subjects connected with his truth and mission; but we maintain no written creed, except the Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, and we desire to have Christian fellowship with all men who admit its authenticity and acknowledge its binding authority."

These are sound views, and so long as they continue to act upon them they must prosper.

"One year we have labored together, and all that has been done has been crowned with abundant success.

A Service Book, with responses for general use, has been carefully prepared and will from henceforth be used by us. Our Sunday School, commencing with thirty-six, now numbers one hundred and fifty—with several large Bible classes and one interesting class of gentlemen for mutual improvement. Our services have been well attended and numbers have been added to our communion. Our evening meetings have been constantly sustained with abundant and excellent expressions of thought and feeling. Our teachers' meetings have averaged in attendance from forty to fifty, and the questions proposed have elicited most interesting debates. Our Tuesday evening meetings have been held every week, with the feeling that the evening was too short and never too long; and those interested in the singing have met frequently for the practice of sacred music; and that congregational singing, which we cherish as an important fea-

ture of our service, we still enjoy, and would invite all who can to give their aid to complete and perfect it. Nearly three hundred dollars was some time since generously subscribed by our members for a Parish Library, to be open for the advantage of all. And now this appropriate place of worship opens its doors to receive us as our home; while yonder are the ascending walls of a yet larger structure, where we may carry out more fully our plans."

THE OLNEY'S, OR IMPULSE AND PRINCIPLE, by Anne W. Abbot.

We have seldom read a more agreeable book of so small pretension. It is written with great grace and sprightliness, and proves by a very well told story the loveliness as well as the excellence of goodness. We would commend it to parents as well as children, for it illustrates most happily the truth that the easiest way to inculcate virtue is to exemplify it while we praise it. The moral of the book is not administered by itself at the close but leavens the narrative throughout, showing all the way along how "he will be found the most fortunate man in the long run whose aim is to be a good man."

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JULY. We have read this number of the Examiner with even more than usual interest.

The first article—on Protestantism—after short but discriminating notices of several books on the subject, is an able account of Protastism, its origin and some of its distinguishing features.

The second article,—Fox's history of Dunstable—contains a brief sketch of one singularly honored and loved by those who knew him, and whose short life was crowded with useful deeds. The article except in its shortness, is what we should expect from a friend who knew him intimately and who had the opportunity of sympathising, as few could, with his best purposes and thoughts. We hope to give long extracts hereafter.

Art. III. *The African race*—very pleasantly written, opening some exceedingly interesting vistas in African history. We are, however, surprised at this assertion; "The evidence now rises to complete demonstration, that no influences of climate, but *original* differences of physical and moral constitution have separated them (the Africans) from the rest of mankind." We thought that the ablest physiological works of the present day—those of Pritchard for example, and particularly of Carpenter, the ablest writer on the subject in England—had come to precisely the opposite conclusion.

Art. IV. *Pulpit elocution*, remarkably well written and containing some excellent remarks, but, we think, exalting the particular subject under consideration to a degree of importance considerably beyond what actually belongs to it. We believe very much in a good elocution, and commend this article to young men as containing very valuable considerations. But as a consolation to those whose earnest hearts and affluent minds are in the work of the ministry, but whose voice and gestures are not such as most approve themselves to an elocutionist, we must say, that those ministers, who have left the deepest impression behind, have not usually been remarkable for their manner as finished orators, but quite otherwise, and that not a few of the most useful ministers that we now know, are laboring, respected and beloved by their people, though without any of the graces of oratory which belong, for example, to Mr. Kirk, whose right to speak authoritatively on this subject is declared in this article to be inferior to that of no other man among us. A finished manner is of great consequence when a minister goes abroad and a desirable accomplishment everywhere; but unless there be some physical defect or natural timidity to disqualify him for being a public speaker, we believe that any man whose heart and mind are full, and who goes affectionately among his people with a faith and character which shine out through his life and give weight to his words: we do believe, that such a man, if he is once established, will be in all that is best, a successful, honored, useful minister. But these remarks would seem to indicate a greater difference than actually exists between us and the article in the Examiner.

Art. V. *History of the origin of the Trinity.* An article indicating a great deal of research, and useful to those who would trace out the development of unscriptural doctrines.

Art. VI. *Millerism.* A pleasant article, which finds Millerism in the state of the public mind and shows how it may manifest itself in other matters than religion. We commend it to all who are disposed to take glowing views of things.

Art. VII. *Whewell's Ethics.* A concise but able statement of Dr. Whewell's characteristics as an ethical writer.

Art. VIII. *Congregationalism Vindicated.*—An unanswerable argument, it seems to us, for Congregationalism. We hope hereafter, to extract entire, the argument from the Scriptures.

Succeeding these is a short article on University Education, containing some interesting facts relating to the German Universities, and closing with a beautiful reference to the President of Harvard University, adding one more voice to the general notes of joy, which have welcomed him to his high and responsible office.

The usual amount of short literary notices and religious intelligence is given at the end.—We only trust that the public will as faithfully do their part for the Examiner as the Editors and other writers do what falls to them.

CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.

We take the following account of the meeting of this body from the Atlas.

"The General Association of Massachusetts met in Pepperell, on Tuesday, June 23. About 150 ministers were in attendance, from the district associations of this State, embracing about 400 churches, and from eight corresponding ecclesiastical bodies, embracing most of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of the other States and of Canada.

The churches connected with the Association of Massachusetts were represented, with few exceptions, as being supplied with pastors—as vigorously sustaining Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes—as being harmonious, and increasing in stability and benevolent enterprise. And it was remarked that, in consequence of the more general diffusion of religious intelligence, worldly men were coming to regard religion with a far higher interest—to appreciate its importance to the social and educational interests of men, and especially to the perpetuity of our free institutions.

From a narrative presented, it appeared that in Canada East there are 20 Congregational ministers—that in all Canada there are 60 Congregational churches, two-thirds of which are destitute of pastors—that the East and West Provinces have each a Theological Seminary—that nearly half the population of Montreal is now Protestant, but of Quebec a much smaller proportion; and that although Quebec was settled 12 years before Plymouth, yet, owing to the religious sentiments of its original inhabitants, it was now perhaps 150 years behind in education and moral improvement.

The delegate from Iowa said, the Congregational churches of that State claimed to be a branch of New England—that their 20 ministers and most of their church members had gone out from these highly-favored regions, and still looked to their early sanctuaries for sympathy and aid.

The delegate from Maine alluded to the former relation of that State, as a branch of Massachusette; but like the banyan tree, this branch of Congregationalism had taken root, and had become a great tree, spreading its branches all over the State. The Congregational churches of Maine are 220. Their schools, academies, colleges, and theological seminaries, are flourishing, and yet there were some great obstacles to the advancement of religion in the State. Among these, he named radicalism in methods of reform—secret associations, constant political excitements, lax parental discipline, and last, not least, the wide diffusion of a "cheap, pernicious literature." This, he said, was one of the chief hindrances to Christianity—one of Satan's most poisonous missiles of moral ruin and death. You may, said he, send us from your great metropolis bad goods, clothes that are damaged, for our children, and provisions for their bodies, of not the best quality; but we entreat you not to send us that which poisons their immortal spirits.

The Maine Missionary Society, he said, were greatly enlarging their operations, and colporteurs were increasing in numbers. This new enterprize was furnishing useful employment to superannuated ministers, as well as laymen, and exerting a most blessed influence in places not regularly supplied with preaching.

The delegate from Michigan said there were in that State 53 Congregational churches, 32 ministers, and between 2000 and 3000 communicants. About forty of these churches have received aid the past year from the Home Missionary Society.

Delegates from the Association of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, represented the state of the churches in their several Associations as flourishing in all that pertained to their external interests and to the cause of benevolence.

Rev. Dr. Rice, of Princeton, N. J., appeared as delegate of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, (old school.) He said there were connected with that body 22 synods, 116 presbyteries, about 2,200 churches, 1,643 ministers, 218 licentiates, 339 candidates for license, and about 174,000 communicants. There had been contributed, for benevolent purposes, to societies under the direction of the Assembly, $254,514, during the year, besides what had been given to the national Bible, Tract, and Sabbath School Societies.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., appeared as delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, (New School,) representing about 2000 churches; the statistics of which he was unable to give with particularity,—having received his commission but a few days since. He stated that there had been some revivals the past year in nearly all their Presbyteries, and especially in the southern and southwestern States, and that more than usual attention had been given to the religious instruction of slaves.

An able pastoral address to the churches, prepared by Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Andover, was read and adopted by the Association, Thursday forenoon: and also a narrative of the state of religion, prepared by Rev. Mr. Blagden of Boston.

The Association passed a resolution, expressing their devout thanksgiving to Heaven for the cheering prospect of continued peace with Great Britain, and their prayer that peace between the U. States and a sister Republic might be speedily restored.

A committee, consisting of one minister from each county of the State, was appointed in reference to a bi-centennial commemoration of the formation of the *Platform of Congregationalism*, which was completed at Cambridge about 200 years since.

In the afternoon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to about 500 communicants—the Rev. Dr. Rice, Rev. Mr Shepard, of Rhode Island, and Rev. Mr. Warren of Maine, officiating.

In the course of the sessions, short addresses, in behalf of various Benevolent Societies, were made by their respective Secretaries. Interesting discourses were delivered by Dr. Rice, Rev. Mr Fowler, of Fall River, Rev. Mr Blanchard, of Lowell, and Rev. Mr Lewis. The deliberations were all conducted with great harmony; and the various reports exhibited a growing interest among ministers and proplе in the general advancement of Christianity.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

MADAM LUCY NEWELL.

Died, in Stow, on Thursday, May 25th, aged XC, Madam Lucy Newell, relict of the late Rev. Jonathan Newell, Pastor of the Church in that place for more than fifty years.

The following notices of this venerable lady are extracts from a discourse delivered in the New North Church in Boston on the morning of Sunday last, by the Senior pastor. As Mrs. Newell was known and highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends, especially of our clerical brethren, such a notice cannot be inappropriate in the columns of the Register. The text was from Romans viii. 17.

"If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

It is not without reason, that honorable birth and a fair inheritance are valued in the world. They hold a place among the objects we may innocently desire. To be the children of virtuous parents, of them, who however humble their condition, have by integrity and uprightness obtained the good name, which is better than riches; to belong to those, whose genius and attainments have made them illustrious as well as good, dear to their country and to the world by their wisdom and generous deeds; or under forms of governments differing from our own, to be descended from a princely or a noble ancestry, when the hereditary is not the only distinction, and the nobility is of the man as well as of the race—these things are highly esteemed among men. But if we may prize an earthly, what shall we say of an heavenly inheritance! How great the honor to be the sons of God! What a subject for thankful and holy joy to be "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ!"

It is related in the life of an eminent Danish missionary, that when expounding to some recent converts the words I have just uttered, one of them of quick religious sensibility was startled at the boldness of the expression and declared "it was too much: that it was not meet that frail creatures like men should be called 'heirs of God or joint heirs with Christ.'" "And what can I ask or think of more?"—said recently a venerable disciple of Jesus, now gone to her inheritance; who being congratulated by a friend on her signal felicity in preserving even to four-score years and ten the vigor of her understanding and the warmth of her affectionate heart, replied with a countenance beaming with delight, "Yes! I have cause indeed to be grateful for this, but how much more for the hope to be 'joint-heir with Christ.' Think of what an inheritance is that! And how can I conceive or desire more?"

It was this blessed hope, my friends—and bear with me, I pray you, while I advert for a moment to an interview, I had not then supposed to be the last, with an honored relative and friend, on whom death has now set the seal—it was this blessed hope, that rejoiced her heart amidst the decays of years, wanting only two lustres of a century. At precisely that age, when the beloved disciple John is said to have gone from Sabbath to Sabbath into the Church in Ephesus repeating the few words which his infirmities still permitted him—"Little children love one another"—at that same age did this grateful Christian utter her memory of her Father's mercies, and sum up all her hopes in that single one, to be "*joint-heir with Christ.*"

It is but ten days since, that I saw her in the peaceful village, where she had passed full sixty years of her serene, contented, and useful life; honored and beloved among a people, to whom her husband had ministered in the gospel for more than half a century, and whom long after his decease she continued to bless as a neighbor, counsellor, and friend. Old age, that in its extremity had weakened her frame, quenched not at all the vivacity of her spirit, the ardor of her affections, and I might almost add, the brightness of her fancy. She delighted, even to the last, in whatever improved or advanced society. She was not insensible to any rational enjoyments of life, or to the beautiful and magnificent in nature or art; and when she could no longer partake of them for herself, she still found pleasure in the enjoyments of others. Indeed with a more than common relish for the refinements, though not the luxuries, of society, she could say, with the contented matron of old, "I dwell among mine own people:" and there she *did* dwell, cherished and beloved by young and old; and thence, amidst their fond regrets, she has ascended to the inheritance, which was her hope.

Mrs. Newell was a descendant in the tenth generation from the celebrated John Rogers, the first martyr to the Reformation in the days of persecution. Her more immediate ancestry was together with that of a numerous host of the same origin, through a line of honored clergymen, of whom Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich, both father and son, and John Rogers, the President of Harvard College, with his yet more distinguished son, are remembered as among the eminent men of New England. Her father, the Rev. Daniel Rogers of Littleton, was a learned divine, of a remarkably catholic spirit, and highly esteemed by the multitude of his brethren as well as by the people of his charge. She delighted in dwelling on his memory while she sought to emulate his virtues. And now that her spirit has, as we believe, returned to the God who breathed it, and is united to the "just made perfect," what was mortal of her, and alone could die, is even while I speak, or while we, my friends, shall be surrounding that table of our communion, to be committed with reverend and loving hands to its native dust; while to us "it remains"—that we become "followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Madam Newell was buried on Sunday last, after the usual morning service. The body attended by her children and other relatives was carried into the Church; and in the presence of the people, with whom and their fathers she had for so many years "gone up to the house of God in company," appropriate prayers were offered and a sermon from the text just now cited, was delivered by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Bates, in which a just and affectionate tribute was paid to her character and life.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS. In the subjoined extract from this address there are thoughts which demand attention. There is in them a glance at the characteristic spirit of the age, and a suggestion of the remedy, in terms more direct than we had expected from such a source. Under the new President's auspices, the hope seems to be indulged that the religious influences of old Harvard College, may be more salutary than in former years. [Watchman and Observer, Richmond, Va.

The great Temperance Jubilee in this city, was truly one of the most glorious scenes—we use the word in its very best sense—that we ever witnessed, and has infused new life and energy into the heart of every friend of the noble Temperance Reform. It was indeed gratifying beyond expression to see such a right royal turn-out of the soldiers of Temperance—soldiers who war only against the common enemy of Man, and whose gay trappings are not to be soiled in blood on the battle-field—whose business, instead of killing men's bodies, to save both souls and bodies and to shower down blessings upon the self-accursed throughout the word. Not all the gauds of war, the pomp of triumphal display, the glory of the victor's fame purchased with the blood of his fellow creatures can at all compare with the calm, sober, solemn renown that of right belongs to every Son and Daughter of Temperance—the great Practical Reform of the present age and the forerunner of all good and beautiful improvements in the condition of society. The celebration yesterday has done us all great good—it has shown the Temperance reform to be still a vital and energetic Organization, prompt to do good and unfaltering at its important and responsible post—the outmost sentinel of the great army of progress and improvement. God bless it and all who are of and with it! [N. Y. Tribune.

TRINITY CHURCH CLOCK, N. Y. We gather from a minute description in the "Morning News," of this ponderous piece of work, that it weighs over 7000 lbs.—its frame, of iron, is 10 ft. long;—its pendulum 20 ft. long, with a ball of 200 lbs. weight attached, making 24 vibrations in a minute. The weights are 1000, 700, and 500 lbs. in weight,—the hours and quarters to be chimed. Its place in the tower is 40 feet above the clock-face in the tower, and it is to run 8 days, and may be wound up without checking the working. It has cost the maker, Mr. Rogers, 11 months to make it, and its cost is over $5000.

THE OLDEST SURVIVING GRADUATE OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Dr. Ezra Green, of Dover, N. H., is the oldest graduate of Harvard University now living. He was born in Malden, Mass., June 17, 1746, and was graduated in 1765. He was consequently one hundred years old on Wednesday last. It is believed that only two other graduates of Harvard have lived to the age of an hundred years, viz: Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, who was born August 13, 1728, was graduated in 1746, and died March 31, 1829, and the Hon. Samson Salter Blowers, of Halifax, N. S., for many years Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, who was born in Boston, March 10, 1742, was graduated in 1763, and died October 25, 1842. The next oldest surviving graduate of Harvard is the Hon. Timothy Farrar, who resides in Hollis, N. H. He was born July 11th, 1747, and was graduated in 1767. He will consequently be ninety-nine years old on the 11th of next month. [Salem Observer.

Both Dr. Green and Judge Farrar retain their mental faculties to a remarkable degree. Both have been men of pure and religious lives.

AUDUBON'S QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA. This great work now in course of publication, (something more than half of it is already completed,) is of great value to the naturalist and more than of ordinary interest to general readers. It is a great national work, and should excite the pride and patriotism of all. The drawings are *Audubon's*, and that is praise enough to all who know his wonderful skill and genius in depicting animated nature. They are spirited and life-like beyond anything we have ever seen; not even excepting his other work, the "Birds of America." In some of the animals—the *racoon*, for instance—the fur is so exquitely wrought and transparent as to induce the belief, at first sight, that it had been stuck on, instead of being painted on a flat surface. Indeed, they are all, from the fierce polar bear and huge buffalo, down to the mischievous moles and the destructive mice, exquisitely and spiritedly delineated. [Morris's Press.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. About fifty years of age, well, built, powerful, rather tall, head of remarkable form, more inclining to breadth. The relation of the three crowns, so far as I could judge from a general view, and from his still abundant dark grey hair, in tolerable harmony: the forehead not high, as is generally the case where the head inclines to breadth. Physiognomy expressive of much firmness, united with a certain thorough prosaic and keen sagacity. In conversation with persons of elevated rank, the expression, with all firmness of circumspection, falls readily into a tone of *douceur*, with which the attitude of his body, at the same, harmonizes. His language is elegant, circumspect, and well-sustained. I always saw him dressed plainly, in black, with a white neckcloth, and without the insignia of any orders. I add some remarks, communicated to me upon his recall to the distinguished position which he occupies as Prime Minister:—"Peel is quite grown up to his position: By birth, belonging to the people; by early connexion with the University of Oxford, involved in all that is termed Conservatism he seemed to be quite peculiarly formed for his time and office. Respecting his talents, there can be but one opinion. He is, besides, richly endowed with physical powers; and, with large means, assuring his perfect independence; for the English have a proverb, "An empty bag will not stand upright." In daily intercourse, he is said to be cold and stiff, and is without personal intimate friends. [Dr. Carus, a German Physician.

DREADFUL CALAMITY!! *St. John's, N. F., in Ruins.* An arrival at Pictou, from St. John's, N. F., brought papers containing accounts of a terrible conflagration, by which nearly the whole of that town was destroyed. The advices arrived in Halifax on Monday morning last.

'The fire commenced at half past eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 12th ult, and raged until 7 o'clock in the evening, by which time the destruction was complete.

St. John's Church, the Cathedral Church of England, burnt to the ground. The Court House, Jail, and all the buildings by which they were surrounded were consumed—also the Commercial rooms, Marine Insurance Office, Agricultural Society's Museum, Bank of British North America. The Congregational Chapel saved—Ordnance store burnt, but the rest of the building saved. The Nunnery School house and Nunnery burnt. Every printing office burnt, but part of the materials saved. Five or six thousand persons had to pass the night of that dreadful day, in the open air, in front of the Government House. Provisions were scarce.

The Churches and public buildings which the fire had spared were being hastily fitted up to shelter those who had been rendered houseless. The only mercantile establishment in St. John's, now standing, is that of Messrs. Newman & Co. All the rest are destroyed. The Legislature is to be immediately assembled.

The papers mention the loss of life of three persons, two of them artillery men, the other an old man, who had saved his bed and other articles from the flames, but who sunk under the weight as he was carrying them to a place of safety, and immediately expired.

At the least calculation two-thirds of St. John's has been consumed, and the loss of property by this visitation is estimated at a million sterling. Two streets, each a mile long, and a number of detached buildings, have been totally destroyed, and twelve thousand persons have been rendered houseles. [St. John (N. B.) News, 26th June.

THE 99TH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRINCETON COLLEGE, New Jersey, was celebrated at Nassau Hall, in Princeton, on Thursday, the 25th ult. with customary ceremonies. The Newark Advertiser says:—"The close of its first century finds the institution in a high state of prosperity, with a greater number of students than ever, (the four classes of the session just closed comprising 244,) and with greatly augmented means of instruction and usefulness. The venerable President, (Dr. Carnahan,) who has presided over the College for upwards of twenty years, delivered an appropriate discourse to the late Senior Class, in the chapel, on the last Sabbath, from Proverbs 22: 29. The anniversary exercises were commenced on Tuesday afternoon, when Alexander M. Brown, Esq., of Easton, Pa., delivered the annual oration before the two Literary Societies. The commencement exercises on Wednesday were conducted in the Presbyterian church. The Honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on the Hon. James M'Dowell, of Virginia. The Board of Trustees made arrangements for the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary the day previous to the one hundredth Commencement, in June of next year. Gov. McDowell, of Va., has accepted the appointment of Orator for the occasion, and the Historical Address will be delivered by the Rev. James W. Alexander, D. D., of New York."

TRACTS TO CHINA. One method of distributing tracts into various parts of the Empire, is by visiting the medical hospitals, that exist at the cities of Canton and Hong-Kong; by this means there has been nearly 30,000 invalids supplied with tracts in one year. They carry them back to their respective villages, and in this way, says a missionary, the name of Christ, or of Jesus, (for that is the term used there,) becomes familiar among many tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

THE GREAT BOSTON TELESCOPE. We are gratified in being able to inform our readers that satisfactory reports were received by the Caledonia, from the college agents, respecting this magnificent instrument. Two object glasses of 15 inches diameter, and 252 Paris inches solar focus, had been completed, and the persons deputed by the college had proceeded to Munich for the purpose of testing and thoroughly examining the mechanical as well as the optical parts of the instrument. This examination and trial occupied them on the 14th and 15th of May, and the result appeared to warrant the assertion of the maker, that this telescope was "*better, much better*, than the Pulkova." The Pulkova Telescope has hitherto been considered as the best in the world.

The Equatorial machinery on which our Telescope is to be mounted, together with the circles, eye pieces, micrometers, and clock work, are in great forwardness, and the whole will probably be ready for transportation by November next. [Courier.

BATHING CONVENIENCES. Among the many provisions in our manufacturing establishments, designed to render the condition of the operatives pleasant and desirable, are excellent bathing conveniences fitted up in the most commendable manner. In the Stark Mill, the rooms which just been completed, are neat and commodious, and are supplied with all necessary furnitnre. There are several apartments appropriated to this purpose, in one of which is a large fountain so constructed as to be constantly supplied with fresh water,—in others are vases, and bathing-tubs and apparatus for shower baths. These rooms are under the superintendence of a person employed for the purpose, and are so managed that no objection can be made to them. We understand that the Amoskeag New Mills have similar arrangements. [Manchester American.

And we should not think them tyrannical or bigoted, if these corporations should adopt a rule that no male or female should be employed in their factories who did not use those baths daily. *Bathing is a sort of physical religion:* whoever won't exercise it ought to be ducked. [Chronotype.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week, by Rev. F. T. Gray of this city, from Isaiah lv. 6,—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Subject—"The Duty of Commencing the Religious Life."

*** We are happy to learn that Mr. C. George Fenner of Providence has returned from Cuba with renewed health and that he has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Unitarian Society in Cincinnati to become their Pastor.

FOURTH OF JULY.

RURAL ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR!

HARRISON GROVE, DEDHAM.

☞ Open at half past 8 o'clock, A. M. Trains leave Boston at 8, half past 10, and half past 12, and return at half past 3, half past 5, and 8 P. M., stopping at the Grove, where every arrangement is made for a most delightful Fete.

A fine Band of Music! Beautiful arrangement of Tents for the sale of rare and elegant articles, with Refreshments of every description.

Floral Band of Children, Songs, Recitations, a new Book for Children, 'The Liberty Cap.'

Speeches from W. L. Garrison, W. A. White, Jas. Freeman Clarke, William H. Channing, and many others, to begin at 11 o'clock, A. M., and continue, at intervals, through the day. jy4

☞ TEMPERANCE IN BRATTLE SQUARE CHURCH. On Sunday, the 5th, at 5½ P. M., there will be addresses on the present state of this momentous subject, as affecting our National Independence and happiness, also the duties of Christians in relation to it. Rev Mr Chapin, James B. Cong lon, and others, will address the meeting. Good Music may be expected.

M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. jy4

☞ UNION PASTORAL ASSOCIATION. The next meeting will be with Rev John Bartlett, at Marblehead, on Tuesday, July 14, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Members will please observe the change of hour.
jy4 SAML. OSGOOD, Sec'y.

☞ REV. CHARLES SPEAR will deliver an Address on the duty of Society toward Discharged Convicts, in the Universalist Church in South Boston, next Sabbath evening, at quarter before 8. jy4

☞ NOTICE. The thirtieth Annual Visitation of the Divinity School in Cambridge will take place on Friday, the 17th inst., in the Chapel of the University.

The Exercises, consisting of Dissertations by the graduating class, twelve in number, will begin at 10 o'clock. 2w jy4

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 28th ult, by the Rev Mr Waterston, Mr Henry Phelps, of Enfield, to Miss Sarah D. Brown, of Dedham.

30th ult, by Rev Dr Vinton, Charles L. J. Duchesnay, of St Ours, Canada, to Harriette Maria, daughter of Charles Bradbury, Esq.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr John F. Parker to Miss Cyrene T. Weeks.

On Thursday, in the Church on Church Green, Summer street, by Rev Mr Young, David Whiton, Esq. of the house of Albert Fearing & Co. of this city, to Miss Ellen L. Kellheran, daughter of Capt Edward Kelleran, of Portland.

In New York, on Sunday, 28th inst, at the Church of the Divine Unity, by the Rev Mr Bellows, Mr Adrian Low to Miss Joanna, daughter of Mr Jabez Smith, formerly of Salem, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, 28th ult, of consumption, Mr Alden B. Haskell, a native of New Gloucester, Me. 35.

24th inst, Elsie Jane, only daughter of Alexander Isburgh, 12.

In East Boston, 12th inst, of consumption, Mrs Ellen B., wife of James Foster, formerly of Dublin, N. H., 27. [Keene Sentinel please copy.

In Billerica, 1st ult, Mr Henry Baldwin, 54.

At the Carroll House, (White Mountains) June 22, Ethan Allen Crawford, Esq. 52.

In Watertown, N. Y. 8th ult, Henry D. Sewall, Esq. 59.

In Bridgewater, 21st ult, Martha Williams, 34, daughter of the late Ezra Hyde, of this city.

In Lowell, 28th inst, Mrs Lucretia H. wife of Samuel Blake, and daughter of Joseph Hildreth, of Stow.

In Lynn, on Monday, Dr Elias Smith, 77.

In Danvers, Mrs Mehitable Flint, wife of Mr William Flint, 91, a pensioner of the revolution.

In Bradford, Mr Charles H. Perry of Boston, 38.

In Portland, suddenly, of measles, Augustus Henry, only son of Matthew L. and Louisa H. Pennell of Boston, 2.

In West Amesbury, of croup, Henrietta Mason, 4 yrs 8 mos, only child of Willis P. and Mary H. Sargent.

CAMBRIDGE CHURCH-GATHERING. A Discourse on the Cambridge Church-Gathering in 1636; delivered in the First Church, on Sunday, February 22, 1846, by William Newell, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge.

"Mr Newell's is one of the most beautiful historical discourses which we have ever read. It is alike admirable in conception and execution. The gathering of the First Church in Cambridge, as appears from Winthrop's Journal, was an occasion of great and general interest. Taking this event as the central point and thus giving to his discourse the unity of a historical picture, he groups around it the men who were then eminent in our New England Church and State. For the back-ground of the scene, he has the winter and the forest and the rude beginnings of the town. He brings before the eye of the spectator the Winthrops, Dudley, Vane, Haynes, Cotton, Hugh Peters, and others, who were then the leading spirits of the colony and worthy of perpetual memory. This general picture he has illustrated by numerous notes and an appendix, showing a careful accuracy of research, which must make the discourse as valuable to the antiquarian as it is interesting to the general reader." [Christian Examiner.

Price 31 cents.

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. Contents of July No:—

The Anniversary Week of 1846;
Niagara and the White Hills;
Impressions of American Scenery—being Fragments of a fragmentary Sermon;
Death and the Resurrection;
The Book of Jonah;
Nature Symbolical;
The Prodigal's Return—a Sermon, by Rev John Weiss.
"The Chimes," by Dickens;
Feast Days and Fast Days.

INTELLIGENCE.

Ordination at Southington, Conn;
Church of the Savior;
Anniversaries in Boston for 1846—continued;
American Peace Society;
Prison Discipline Society;
Book and Pamphlet Society;
Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers;
Morning Conference Meetings of Unitarian Christians;
Sunday School Society;
Foreign Intelligence.

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It is Edited by Rev F. D. Huntington of Boston; among the contributors are the principal Clergymen of the denomination, also several laymen and female writers, well known for their literary ability, &c.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

SCRIPTURAL SONNET.—No. 3.

MOSES.

BY JONES VERY.

'Twas not by strength of man that Moses sought
To guide his people to their promised rest,
Nor his own wisdom that through deserts brought,
And in a land of plenty made them blest;
Though he was learned in all the hidden lore
That Ægypt knew, mighty in word and deed;
'Twas not by these he broke their fetters sore,
And Israel's tribes from Pharaoh's bondage freed.
"If Thou wilt not go with us," was his prayer
Unto the Lord of Hosts, "let us not go
Up to the land, which Thou before didst swear
To give unto our fathers. Thus shall know
All men, that thou hast chosen us to be
A people called and holy unto Thee."

The following lines have been sent to us by an unknown correspondent, and are taken from a New York publication.

THE PRESENT.

Oh slight not the present—the past is arrayed,
In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade;
Disturb not the calm of its mist-covered plains,
Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and pains.

The Future!—what mortal may pierce its thick cloud!
The future is wrapt in uncertainty's shroud;
Dark trials, keen cares from that shroud may arise,
Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine eyes.

The Present! oh! wish not its moments away;
A talisman dwells in the might of *to-day;*
Past seasons are buried, the future unknown,
But the bright, sunny present, at least, is thine own.

I seek not like vain thoughtless minstrels to sing,
Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful spring;
I woo thee not lightly to while the fleet hours,
In numbering sunbeams and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge implore
Each day some new treasure to add to thy store;
And gently some service or kindness impart,
To glad the worn fortune or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly loved ties
Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes;
Yet with strengthened devotion on God may'st thou call,
And feel that for Him, thou couldst part from them all.

Thus live and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for thee.

[From the Orphans' Advocate.]

MARY AND JESUS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

The summer morn was soft and still
In sunny Palestine,
And Mary, at her cottage door,
Beneath the sheltering vine,
The flaxen thread spun busily,
To weave the garment white;
And at her feet the young child played,
With face so calmly bright.

His little robe was filled with flowers,
Those lilies wond'rous fair,
Which grew o'er all the hills and fields,
Luxuriantly there.
He watched his mother's busy hands,
Then looked upon his flowers,—
Then upward where the sky so blue,
Its radiant beauty showers.

Then to his mother mild he said,
"The robes my lilies wear
Are not like those you spin for me
With so much toil and care;
The warm sky and the beaming sun
But look upon the earth,
And all the flowers in garments bright,
Come springing into birth?"

"The Father good," the mother said,
"The lilies robes hath given,"—
And then she paused, and turned her eyes
Unto the still, deep heaven:
"And he hath clothed our hearts also,
With garments brighter far,
With robes of love more fair to see,
Than morning's silvery star.

"We neither toil nor spin for these,
But, like the trusting flowers,
Only in faith look up to Him,
And these bright gifts are ours."
Then Jesus bended down his head,
And sat all silently,
While visions through his purest heart,
Were swiftly gliding by.

He spake no word—but in his eye
There beamed the holiest light,—
His mother saw, and then she knew
That ever fair and bright,
The garments which her dear child wore
Would more and more become
Like to the heaven which beamed on him,
His own forever home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The following piece was published in 1782, when Schiller was twenty-three years of age. It was soon after the appearance of the Robbers, and is a fair specimen of his early genius, under streaks of doubt, passion and physical discomfort. He had attained no freedom of any sort. And yet the piece is remarkably well-balanced; one delights to see the sceptic stating the other side with such strength and fairness, so that the final impression after all is one of love and belief. This happy antithesis of character, together with the finished balance of the style, is its merit, and the reason for presenting it in an English dress.]

For the Register.

THE WALK UNDER THE LINDENS.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

Wollmar and Edwin were friends, and dwelt together in a quiet solitude, whither they had withdrawn from the busy hum of the world, to develope the notable destiny of life in the pursuits of philosophy. The joyous Edwin embraced with heartfelt warmth the world, which the more melancholy Wollmar clothed in the sad color of his ill fortune. An alley of linden trees was the favorite spot of their meditations. Once upon a lovely May day they were walking there; I recollect the following conversation.

Edwin. The day is so fair—all nature wears a serene aspect, and you so pensive, Wollmar!

Wollmar. Leave me, I pray you. You know it is always my way to spoil your fancies.

Edwin. But is it possible to loathe thus the cup of pleasure!

Wollmar. Why not—if one discovers an asp within it? Behold, nature decks herself for you like a blushing maiden on her nuptial day. But to me she appears like a dead mother, with the rose-tint on her sallow cheeks, and the house-diamonds in her hair. How she smiles in her holiday attire! But her garments are worn and already changed thousands of times. This same green, flowing train, she bore before the time of Deucalion, no less perfumed and decked than now. For a thousand years she has consumed but the surplus from the table of death, procured her blushes from the bones of her own children, and created her glittering spangles out of putrefaction. Young man, are you aware in what society you are perhaps now walking? Did you ever think, that this boundless immensity is the sepulchre of your ancestors, that the wind, which wafts to you the perfume of the lindens, perhaps brings to your nostrils the scattered genius of Arminius—that perhaps you drink in the cooling fountain the powdered bones of our great Henry. The atom, which in Plato's brain quivered with the thought of Divinity, which melted with compassion in the heart of Titus, anon perhaps, excites to bestial lust in the veins of Sardanapalus, or is torn by the ravens in the swinging carcass of a cut-throat. You appear to find that amusing, Edwin.

Edwin. Pardon me. Your reflections suggest comical scenes to me. Suppose that our bodies travelled according to the same laws that are affirmed concerning our spirits? That after the death of the machine they should perform the same offices that they exercised under the commands of the soul; as the spirits of the departed renew the occupations of their previous life—quæ cura fuit vivis, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Wollmar. Then may the ashes of Lycurgus now and forever lie in the ocean.

Edwin. Do you hear yonder the tender complaint of Philomela? How, if she were the urn of Tibullus' ashes, who like her sang tenderly! Perhaps in that eagle the noble Pindar mounts to the blue zone of the horizon—perhaps an atom of Anacreon floats in this wanton zephyr! Who knows, whether the body of the fopling does not rest in soft powder-flakes upon the ringlets of his mistress—whether the residue of the miser does not lie chained to the buried money in the rust of centuries! Whether the carcasses of scribblers are not condemned to be melted into types milled into paper, ever to groan beneath the squeeze of the press, and help to immortalize the meanness of their associates! Behold, Wollmar, from the very cup whence you drain the bitter gall, my fancy obtains a pleasant jest.

Wollmar. Edwin! Edwin! Why do you gloss over the serious with your playful wit! Let me go on. A good matter does not fear inspection.

Edwin. Let Wollmar inspect it, when he is in a better humor.

Wollmar. O fye! there you lay open a most perilous wound. Then wisdom would be a garrulous fault-finder, who would go spunging from house to house, dexterously applauding every caprice, calumniating good-fortune with the unhappy, and with the happy sugaring over misfortune. A ruined stomach slanders this world as hell, a glass of wine can deify its devil. If our whims are the moulds of our philosophies, then tell me, Edwin, in which will truth be cast? I fear, Edwin, you will never become amiable, till you become gloomy.

Edwin. That I will never do, even to become sensible!

Wollmar. You have used the word happy. How does one become so, Edwin? Labor is the condition of existence, wisdom the aim, and happiness you say is the prize. Thousands of sails are flying wide-spread, to seek the fortunate islands in a shoreless sea, and bear away the golden fleece. But tell me, thou sage, how many are there who find it? I see here a fleet whirled around in the eternal vortex of want, ever pushing from this shore, only again to land there, ever landing, only to push off again. They bustle about in the commencement of their undertaking, cruise fearfully along the shore, to lay in provisions and repair the tackling, and never steer out into the open sea. There are those, who toil to-day, that to-morrow they may toil again. I deduct them, and the sum is diminished by half. Again—the abyss of sensuality swallows others in an inglorious grave. There are those, who expend the whole power of their being, in enjoying the toil of the past. We subtract these also, and a poor fourth part yet remains. Sad and timorous, they sail without compass, convoyed by treacherous stars, forth on the fearful ocean; already the happy coast glimmers like a white cloud-bank on the edge of the horizon, the pilot cries, land—and lo! a miserable plank gives way, and the filling ship sinks close by the shore.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The most dexterous swimmer struggles feebly towards the land; he wanders a solitary stranger in this ethereal zone, and strains his weeping eyes towards his northern home. Thus I subtract one million after another from the great sum of your generous systems. The child sports in the armor of the man, who weeps that he is no longer a child. The streams of our knowledge winds backward to its source, the evening is dubious like the morning, Aurora and Hesperus embrace in the same night, and the wise man, who would break through the walls of mortality, sinks downward, and becomes again a prattling child. Now Edwin! answer—vindicate the potter against the vessel!

Edwin. The potter is already vindicated, if the vessel can expostulate with him.

Wollmar. Answer me.

Edwin. Then I say, even should we miss the island, the voyage is not lost.

Wollmar. By feasting the eyes a little on the picturesque landscapes, which flit past you to the right and left? Edwin! And for this, to be tossed in storms, for this to dread the jagged rocks, and fear a three-fold death in the abyss of the billowy waste! Say nothing more, my gloom is more eloquent than your content.

Edwin. And therefore shall I tread under foot the violet, since I cannot obtain the rose!—Or shall I renounce this May day, because a tempest can darken it. Beneath the cloudless blue I imbibe a serenity which hereafter shall shorten for me its tedious storminess. Shall I not gather the rose, because its fragrance will be gone tomorrow. I throw it away if it is withered and pluck its youngest sister, already breaking in beauty from the bud.

Wollmar. In vain! in vain. Wherever only one seed of contentment falls, a thousand shoots of sorrow spring up. Where only one tear of pleasure falls, a thousand tears of despair lie buried. Here on the spot where man revels, a thousand dying insects writhe. At the moment when our transport is wafted to heaven, a thousand curses of perdition bear it company. It is a treacherous lottery, in which the few miserable prizes are overwhelmed beneath the countless blanks. Each drop of time is the dying-moment of a joy, each mote that blows upon the tombstone a buried bliss. Death has impressed his monarch-seal on every point in the eternal universe. On every atom I read the comfortless inscription—Past!

Edwin. And why should it not be so! Each tone may be the requiem of a pleasure, but it is also the hymn of omnipresent love. Wollmar, among these lindens I kissed my Juliet for the first time.

Wollmar. (Turning away abruptly.) Young man! Beneath these lindens have I lost my Laura.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS: MOUNT HOREB.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

Mount Horeb does not stand so isolated as Ararat or Sinai, and hence does not occupy so definite a place in nature or history. One of the group that surrounds Sinai, it presents the same barren and desolate appearance, and stands amid the same bleak and forbidding scenery. These solemn summits rise together in the same heavens, and the silent language they speak has the same meaning. Still, Horeb has less distinguishing characteristics than Sinai, and the latter overshadows it as much in interest as it does in nature. The Mount of Terror is monarch there in the desert, and all other summits are but his body guard. They witnessed his grand coronation when the law was given, and shook to the thunders that honored the ceremony.

Mount Horeb has not been consecrated once, but thrice, and hence had a threefold claim for a place amid the immortal list of Sacred Mountains. Moses learned his first lessons around its base, and amid its solitudes formed the thoughtful, stern, and decided character which rendered him fit to be the leader of Israel. When in his impetuous youth he slew the Egyptian that would trample on his countryman, he fled thither to escape the penalty of the deed. When the first gust of indignation had swept by, and he saw the lifeless corpse at his feet, alarm took the place of passion, and hastily covering the dead man in the sand, he fled to the desert. Month after month he wandered about Horeb, thinking of Egypt and the royal court he dared not enter. Away from the temptations of the palace, and beyond the reach of the conflicting motives that might sway him there, he trod the desert a free man. With nought but Nature and God to teach him, his character must be simple and manly, and his principles upright and pure. Amid the grand and striking features of mountain scenery he could not but learn to hate tyranny and love freedom, and when, at length, his character was settled on a broad and permanent basis, the Deity sent him back to Egypt to deliver his people.

Wandering one morning along the slopes of Horeb, he saw before him a solitary bush blazing from top to bottom, but still unconsumed. Every branch was a fiery branch, and every leaf a leaf of fire that glowed unwasted in the still flame. As he stood amazed and awe-struck at the sight, a voice whose tones were yet to be familiar to his ear, exclaimed, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is Holy Ground." Here Moses received his first commission, and here was God's first outward demonstration to him in behalf of his people.

In the exciting scenes through which he afterwards passed in Egypt, he may have entirely forgotten Horeb. But after the plagues, and death, and flight, and pursuit, and Red Sea passage, and overthrow of his enemies, had all been left behind, and the host of Israel entered the desert, the familiar scenery he began to approach must have waked up strange associations in his heart. At length the well-remembered form of Horeb rose to view, where he had wandered, self-exiled from his home. A gloomy fugitive, he first saw that desolate mountain in the distance;—a leader of a mighty people, and the chosen of God, he pitched his tent the second time at its base. Doubtless his first interview with Deity here caused him to expect some other revelations now that the commission he had given him had been fulfilled. How much his early experience had to do with his encamping on this spot with the host of Israel it is impossible to tell; but that he should expect the God who had first sent him forth here give him further instructions, was most natural. His expectations were not disappointed, and Sinai and Horeb together became the scene of the most wondrous events of human history.

Twice had Horeb been honored by the presence of Deity, which had so consecrated it that we find the angel of the Lord afterwards calling it "*the Mount of God.*" It was, however, destined for a third baptism. When Elijah, hunted by Jezebel, fled for his life, he wandered across the desert to this mountain. His prayers had brought rain upon the parched and desolate earth, but his sword had also drank the blood of the prophets of Baal, and Jezebel had sent him word that she would do to him as he had done to her prophets, and so he fled into the wilderness and sat down under a juniper tree, and prayed for death. Weary and discouraged the hunted fugitive lay down and slept, when the angel of the Lord touched him and bade him arise and go to Mount Horeb. Elijah started for the desert, and after travelling for more than a month, he at length, worn and exhausted, came to the mountain, and took up his solitary lodgings in a cave. How many desolate days and lonely nights he passed there we know not, but at length a voice from heaven said, "Go forth and stand upon the mount." Jehovah was about to reveal himself. But before he reached the entrance of his cave, he heard a roar louder than the sea, that arrested his footsteps and sent the blood back to his heart. The next moment there came a blast of wind as if the last chain that bound it had suddenly been thrown off, and it had burst forth in all its unrestrained and limitless energy. In the twinkling of an eye the sun was blotted out by the cloud of dust, and the fragments that filled the air were whirled in fierce eddies onward. It shrieked and howled around the mouth of the cave, while the fierce hissing sound of its steady pressure against the heart of the mountain was more terrible than its ocean-like roar. Before its fury and strength, rocks were loosened from their beds and hurled through the air—the earth rent where it passed, and before its fury that steady mountain threatened to lift up its base and be carried away. Amid this deafening uproar and confusion and darkness and terror, the stunned and awe-struck Elijah expected to see the form of Jehovah moving; but that resistless blast, strewing the sides of Horeb with wreck and chaos, was not God in motion.

"'Twas but the whirlwind of his *breath*,
Announcing danger, wreck and death."

The hurricane passed by, and that wild strife of the elements ceased: but before the darkened heavens could clear themselves, Elijah heard a rumbling sound in the bowels of the mountain, and the next moment an earthquake was on the march. Stern Horeb rocked to and fro like a vessel in a storm, and its bosom parted with the sound of thunder before the convulsive throbs that seemed rending the very heart of nature.—Fathomless abysses opened on every side, and huge precipices, toppling over the chasms at their base, went thundering through the darkness. The fallen prophet lay on the floor of his cavern and listened to the grinding, crushing sound around and beneath him, and the steady shocks that seemed to reach the very seat of nature, thinking that Jehovah at last stood there. Surely it was his mighty hand that lay on that trembling, tottering mountain, and his strong arm that rocked it so wildly on its base. No, "God was not in the earthquake."

"'Twas but the thundering of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far."

The commotion ceased, and Nature stood "and calmed her ruffled frame," but in the sudden ominous silence that followed, there seemed a foreshadowing of some new terror, and lo, the heavens were suddenly on fire, and a sheet of flame descended. Its lurid light pierced to the depths of Elijah's cavern till it glowed like an oven, and from base to summit of Mount Horeb there went up a vast cloud of smoke, fast and furious, while the entire sides flowed with torrents of fire. The mountain glowed with a red heat, and stood like a huge burning furnace under a burning heaven, and groaned on its ancient seat as if in torture. But God was not in the fiery storm.

"'Twas but the lightning of his eye"

that had kindled that mountain into a blaze, and filled the air with flame.

But this, too, passed by, and what new scene of terror could rise worthy to herald the footsteps of God—what greater outward grandeur could surround his presence! The astonished prophet still lay upon his face wrapped in wonder, and filled with fear at these exhibitions of Almighty power, waiting for the next scene in this great drama, when suddenly through the deep quiet and breathless hush that had succeeded the earthquake and the storm, there arose "a still small voice," the like of which had never met his ears before. It was "small and still," but it thrilled the prophet's frame with electric power, and rose so sweet and clear—

"That all in heaven and earth might hear;
It spoke of peace—it spoke of love—
It spoke as angels speak above."

And God was in the voice. The prophet knew that He was nigh, and, rising up, wrapped his mantle about his face, and went to the mouth of the cave, and reverently stood and listened. Oh, who can tell the depth and sweetness of the tones of that voice which the Lord of Love deemed worthy to announce his coming. A ransomed spirit's harp—an angel's lute—a seraph's song, could not have moved the prophet so. But while his whole being, soul and body, trembled to its music, a sterner voice met his ear, saying, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" The prophet poured the tale of his woes and of Israel's sin into the Infinite bosom. His wrongs were promised redress and Israel deliverance, and the haunted exile went boldly back to his people, and Horeb again stood silent and alone in the desert.

"The Mount of God" needs no other title to make it the *fourth* Sacred Mountain on the earth.

[N. Y. Observer.

MORALS AND MANNERS IN MEXICO.

In the "Recollection of Mexico," the author, Hon. W. Thompson, says they are very temperate people. He saw assemblies of from fifty to one hundred thousand persons, without meeting one case of drunkenness. A few exceptions to the general rule of temperance may be found; but they are but few. In the most respectable walks of life, he found but one individual reputed to be intemperate. He was a distinguished man, who from that cause, probably, was prevented from being the most distinguished man in his country.

Mr. Thompson says he had no servants who could not read and write; and he thinks there were but few people there who could not. This knowledge was not very great: but it was about the same with those in our country who learned nothing but reading and writing. This sort of knowledge among the Mexicans he attributes to the Lancasterian Schools, which were instituted by Gen. Tornel, Secretary of War.

Female manners in Mexico have the old Spanish Duenna cast. *Espionage* is kept up in all the families of the higher ranks, and female liberty very much restrained.

There is only one day in the year in which it is perfectly allowable for women of rank and character to walk as our women do, in the public streets with open dress. On *that* day, they make the most of liberty. All the streets in Mexico are crowded with women of all ranks. They appear with rich dresses, unveiled, occasionally with a side long glance drawing a little aside the robe, half shawl and half veil, which conceals their fine busts. There is also a day, perhaps this same day, in which the public dances are attended by all ranks and conditions of people. Women of the highest class and reputation mingle indiscriminately in the dance with the most dissolute and worthless. This is a sort of affectation of equality without the reality; and it is also an equality which ought not to exist; for, though there be neither ranks nor differences of power or property, virtue and vice should never be reduced to the same level.

Many dress extravagantly. One cause of this is what would never be suspected in this country. It is the *insecurity of property* from the frequency of Revolutions! The fact is, that a woman can carry about her, and therefore keep and conceal a large amount of property, in the form of jewels and dress; when, if it was in the shape of houses, lands or goods, it would be confiscated in the first revolution. Mr. Thompson met a poor washer woman who carried round her such a string of pearls as were worth a thousand dollars. He asked her why she was so extravagant—why not put her money to some profitable advantage! "Ah," said she, "how could I help it! Now if there be a revolution, and I am in want, I can sell these pearls, one by one, as I bought them."

Independent of the Political and Religious Institutions of Mexico, there are two grand causes which operate against its prosperity. One of these is the *unequal division of lands*—a great evil—never remedied in any country except our own. Here every man may have a quarter section of land, who chooses to be industrious. In Mexico, a hundred miles square is sometimes owned by one man, while hundreds are without any. These large estates will have tens of thousands of cattle upon them, and raise all the fruits and vegetables of tropical climates, while thousands of Mexicans, Indians, and mixed races, will have no land, and little to do, except to idle away life.

The very abundance of Tropical regions, which produces a superabundance of food, and scarcely requires clothing, induces an *indolence*, which is fatal, in any contest of strength with the people of Temperate climes. Mr. Thompson thinks that the average strength of Mexican men is not greater than that of American women.

FOR CHILDREN.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.

"Mother," said a little girl to Mrs. Franklin, as they were seated one day at their sewing, "will you be so kind as to tell me the real meaning of the word neighbor! Our teacher in the Sunday School gave us the text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," for our subject of thought during the week, and she wants us to tell her who our neighbors are. Now I suppose all who live in the same street are really neighbors, though I am sure I know very few of them, and so I cannot love them all.

"Your idea, my dear Emily, is correct as far as it goes, but we are not only required to feel an interest in the dwellers in the same street, but also with all those with whom we come in contact, whether rich or poor, high or low, young or old, provided we can be of service to them."

"Well, then, mother, if all my schoolmates are my neighbors, then Sarah Howe, Julia Boyd, and even Kitty Gray come in the number; and I am sure I cannot love *them* as well as I do you, or sister Elizabeth, or dear father."

"That, my dear, is not strictly required, but a certain degree of kindly interest, enough to treat them well whenever you meet, or in other words, as you should like to be treated yourself."

"This is quite a new idea to me, but I do not think I could love Kitty Gray, for she is always cross and selfish, and all the girls have determined to have nothing to do with her."

"I hardly think this determination is a Christian one, though I acknowledge it is difficult to bear with such disagreeable qualities. But did you never think that by being kind and gentle among yourselves to poor Kitty Gray, you might make her amiable and pleasing! Remember, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and certainly, a continued series of kindness will produce a much more beneficial effect than coldness and studied neglect."

"I suppose you are right, mother, but then I can't be different from the other girls, for they will laugh at me, and say I have left their friendship for the society of such a girl as Kitty Gray."

"This need not be, my dear, if you act with a right spirit, and I do not see why you cannot be Kitty's friend, without leaving your old companions. Besides, if they are really good girls, better than Kitty, herself, they will not only admire your conduct, but imitate it immediately. But the clock is striking eight, so go to school, and when you return, tell me of your success."

She reached the school, greeted all the scholars, and none more kindly than Kitty Gray, who was sitting by herself, as usual, the image of discontent and unhappiness. The latter was not a little suprised at this unusual mark of attention, and repaid Emily's kindness by a bright glance of pleasure, which seemed to say, "I will not forget this." The girls also noticed the change in Emily's conduct, and asked her the reason of it. She replied that she was going to try what kindness would effect, and begged them to join in the benevolent project. As she was a general favorite, they readily acceded to her plan, and when the hour for recess came, many a schoolmate proffered the poor girl some act of kindness, that probably had never noticed her before. She was invited to join in all the games, had bountiful presents of luncheon, and several offers of help in her lessons, if she found them difficult.

Poor Kitty was quite softened at these unexpected tokens of regard, and when Emily explained the reasons of their former coldness, she resolved to correct her bad traits of character, and be altogether a different girl. Emily went home with a smiling face and a happy heart, and told her mother the adventures of the morning. She was more than rewarded by the approving smile of Mrs. Franklin, and received permission to invite Kitty, with a few other girls, to spend the afternoon. They had a merry time together, and their affectionate, obliging manners to each other, showed very plainly, that the law of love was in all their hearts; and ever after did Emily act up to the spirit of the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

May all the Sunday school scholars endeavor to do the same, and they will have the joy of a good conscience, and their heavenly Father's love.

KATE.

[Christian Watchman.

TEETH

INSERTED ON A NEW PRINCIPLE,

AND ON

UNUSUALLY FAVORABLE TERMS.

DR. MORTON, No. 19 Tremont Row, at the former office of Wells & Morton, would ask the attention to one of the most valuable inventions that has ever been made either in the dental art or any other wherein personal comfort is much concerned.—It being a method which is not in general use and one that enables him to make a perfect fit render them useful and ornamental, being subject to none of the difficulties or objections that usually attend artificial Teeth, such as moving about, cutting the jaws, or to the great mortification of the patient, dropping down and shaking about.

Being fully aware of the light upon which the mere assertions of the advertiser is justly looked upon at the present crisis, I should be very reluctant to come before the public with these strong assertions were it not that I am willing to have my method tested by all who desire it, upon such terms as I think no candid person can make the slightest objection to.

Being convinced that when this principle of inserting Teeth shall become more generally known, and thoroughly appreciated, and the countenances of thousands will be brightened up and freed from wrinkles, and that I shall have the satisfaction of bringing it more immediately before the public.

I have now determined to insert Teeth, until further notice, without receiving compensation when they are inserted for anything except the cost of constructing them until the expiration of 3 or 6 months, or until sufficient time has elapsed to give the patient an opportunity of satisfying themselves whether this principle is really valuable and superior to any other method of inserting Teeth, at which time the compensation will be required that is previously agreed upon

—

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[From the Christian Register.]

The publisher of this paper had an opportunity of witnessing an operation performed by Dr. Morton, which the Transcript gives the following description of.

[From the Times.]

TEETH.—There can be no mistake about the invention of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row, for the name of Dr. Charles T. Jackson is the very best authority which could be produced. Those who prize a good set of Teeth, will not fail at least, to call and examine specimens of work on this new plan.

[From the Mail.]

DENTAL SCIENCE.—We saw a few days since an entire new set of artificial Teeth inserted for a lady, by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, that defied the most critical observer to detect from the original. In the case above referred to, the lady experiences no difficulty whatever, in mastication nor is her speech affected in the slightest degree.

[From the Transcript.]

Dr. Morton, Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row, has taken the right course to introduce his invention, by producing the result of Dr. Charles T. Jackson's analysis with his own signature.

[From the Gazette.]

Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, has made a great improvement in mechanical dentestry. We have seen a whole upper set of teeth, and we consider the style and finish to be a little superior to any we ever saw, and with the additional strength afforded by this mode of finish, we think it a very great improvement over the old method.

[From the Evening Gazette]

IMPORTANT TO THE TOOTHLESS.—Teeth are now inserted by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, by a chemical process, so firmly to the jaw that several pounds weight may be attached to the plate and raised from the floor.

[From the Christian Watchman.]

DENTISTRY.—We were much gratified with a visit a few days ago to the rooms of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row. The toothless are there supplied with complete sets of teeth, inserted on a new principle.

Dr. Morton has studied the dental art thoroughly, and on strictly scientific principles. He has in his possession the finest anatomical preparations, illustrative of the structure, positions, gradual development, and decay of the teeth, which we have ever seen, imported from Paris expressly for use.

[From the Boston Post.]

Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row, has been particularly successful in conriving gold plates for the support of artificial teeth, and has given the most perfect satisfaction in some recent operations of a very difficult nature.

Having witnessed the operation of uniting gold plates, as practised by Wells & Morton, and having, by their request, analyzed each part separately, I do hereby testify, that the gold, used in the place of solder, for uniting the plates, is *twenty carats fine*, which is equally pure as the plate itself. And when the plates are united in this manner the whole presents the same appearance as if never separated.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.

BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1843. No. 27 Somerset Street.

[From the Transcript.]

DENTAL SURGERY.—Without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the regularly educated Surgeon Dentists of this city, we would call the attention of the public to a scientific gentleman, in whom entire confidence may be reposed, to perform, in an elegant manner, any operation that may come under the cognizance of a Dentist. We are led to these remarks by having had an opportunity, recently, of examining the most perfect and beautiful set of teeth, for the upper and under jaw, that ever fell under our observation. They were made and inserted a short time since, by Dr. Morton, 19 Tremont Row, (whose skill has often been employed in more complicated cases) for a lady, who wears them with perfect comfort. The teeth are inserted upon a plate, which is said to be superior to any other in general use. The contrivance which supports the teeth in the mouth is extremely ingenious and scientific, and deserves marked attention by those interested. The teeth and all that portion of the jaw which was absorbed away by the loss of them, was carved so as not only perfectly to restore the countenance to its natural form but rendered them much firmer, more cleanly than single teeth, or even those in blocks of three or four. Improvements of this nature are valuable, and should be made public, that the afflicted may be benefitted thereby, by availing themselves of the skill that Dr. Morton is able to apply, after many years of practice and experiment.

my27 eop

MR. HUNTINGTON'S NEW MANUAL FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS. Lessons on the Parables of the Saviour, for Sunday Schools and Families, by Rev F. D. Huntington.

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Parables shall charm his heart while doctrines seem dead mystery.

Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good corn into the soil.

And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold his reliance from the Lord."

[Proverbial Philosophy.

Copies of the above furnished for examination by the Publishers, WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. je13

MR. WATERSTON'S SERMON at the Dedication of the Chapel of the Church of the Savior delivered on Sunday, April 19th.

Published by WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. 2t j20

WANTED. Christian Registers No 23 of Vol 16, or June 10, 1837. je8

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For further information, apply to either of the associate Principals, at the Institute, as above.

E. H. JENNY, A. M.

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New York, May, 1846.

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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.

Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN PLYMOUTH. The subscriber, being about to commence the fourth term of his School, would like to receive four or five young ladies into his family, as boarders. The healthful and agreeable location of his house—directly overlooking the bay—the peculiar social advantages of the town, and the facility of access to it by railroad, recommend his School to the attention of parents, who are in quest of a place of education for their daughters.

Those who may wish to inquire respecting his qualifications as a teacher, are referred to the following individuals:—Rev. G. W. Briggs, Jacob H. Loud, Esq., Thomas Russell, Esq., Plymouth; Rev. C. Robbins, Rev. E. Peabody, Mr. George W. Bond, Boston; Rev. G. Putnam, Roxbury; Mrs. H. Ware, Jr., Milton; and Mr. David Dana, Lowell.

Particular information may be obtained by addressing the subscriber. H. F. EDES.

Plymouth, Feb 25, 1846 tf mh7

DR. C. SOULE CARTEE'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in Charlestown, Mass.

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The *next Term* will commence on Monday, the 20th of April, and continue 15 weeks. Circulars will be addressed to those who may desire more particular information.

REFERENCES. Drs. A. R. Thompson and W. J. Walker, Rev. Messrs George E. Ellis, Wm. Ives Buddington and E. H. Chapin, Charlestown; George B. Emerson and George S. Hillard, Esqs., Boston; Rev. F. A. Farley, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Rev. Dr. Wayland, Providence. m14

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